

# THE ATHENÆUM.

FEBRUARY 15, 1833.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SEA.

THE joy of song, which hath such deep control,  
Now on my mind a shadowy world hath brought,  
Stirring the hidden depths of heart and soul  
With glorious thought ;  
For it brings with it images of thee,  
IMMEASURABLE SEA !

The mind in its immensity expands  
To take within its range so vast a theme,  
And clothes the thoughts with hues of other lands,  
As in a dream ;  
Giving to words a light, a power, a sense,  
Of passionate influence.

Shadows that dwell within th' unfathom'd deep !  
Spirits that ride upon its angry wave !  
Ye fearful shapes and dreadful things that creep  
In rock and cave !  
Why should the secrets of your home be known  
Unto the Dead alone ?

But has not oft the wond'ring seaman heard  
The witching song of mermaids in their caves ;  
And in the storm, many an awful word  
Borne o'er the waves ?  
Have not th' uninhabited rocks given birth  
To sounds unknown on earth ?

Has not the shipwreck'd sailor often seen  
Sights which have curdled his impetuous blood,  
Whene'er the wings of the strong winds have been  
Upon the flood ?  
Does not the drowning mariner behold  
What tongue hath never told ?

Have not the pearl-fishers discern'd the forms  
Which people thy blue depths, the fearful things  
That bear the spirit of a thousand storms  
Upon their wings ;  
Shapes unimaginable, with looks that tell  
Of horror and of hell ?

### *Thoughts on the Sea.*

Have not the awful women of the Isles  
Held dread communion with thy viewless powers,  
And promised, by the aid of spells and wiles,  
Fair winds and showers?  
Then give the secrets of the dead to me,  
IMPENETRABLE SEA!

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'Tis fabled in a verse of Grecian tongue,  
Oceanus thy waters ruled of old,  
From whom the Oceanides were sprung,  
Who, we are told,  
Gave the unsandall'd foot and naked limb  
Free to the water's brim.

And from the silvery foam which on thee lay,  
Like the chaste purity of falling snows,  
Shewing the glory of the God of Day,  
Love's Queen arose,  
With that immortal beauty which should bind  
The hearts of all mankind.

But thou hast roll'd from chaos, ere the Word  
The mighty Word! through realms of ether came;  
When the vast depths of thy dark waters heard  
Jehovah's name,  
Creation started into life, and earth  
Rose proudly into birth.

Thou hast thy mountain-waves resistless hurl'd  
O'er the devoted ones of every land,  
Taking within thy breast a sinful world  
At His command;  
And human littleness and human pride  
Thou wert condemn'd to hide.

Oh! thou art lovely, when the golden smiles  
Of the warm sunbeams on thy surface rest,  
Giving to life and light a thousand isles  
Which gem thy breast,  
And send delicious odors in the breeze,  
From groves of spicy trees.

But thou art glorious when the tempest howls,  
Like a roused tigress springing to the fight;  
And the black sky grows blacker as it scowls  
Upon the night;  
When thunder roars, and the red lightning leaps  
Over thy foaming deeps.

Changes have fallen on the earth, but thou  
Hast been the same from the first age of men;  
The same eternal glory decks thy brow  
As it did then:

Though storms rush over thee, thou flowest on  
As calmly when they're gone.

Thou takest from the continents, to add  
To wave-girt islands an extended space;  
And by degrees bare rocks with earth are clad  
For a new race;

Till a Columbus sees with wond'ring eye  
New worlds before him lie.

Thou hast been chosen for a prince's bride;  
Yearly Venetian doges, wise and brave,  
The jewell'd ring, with kingly pomp and pride,  
Cast in thy wave.  
Ah! 'tis a glorious thing to wed with thee,  
O, THOU UNCHANGING SEA!

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Mighty have been the armaments that swept  
Thy waters for dominion of its waves,  
Since that day when with thee great Pharaoh slept  
With all his slaves;  
Since the innumerable Persian host,  
And the Armada's boast.  
How was their glory clouded with thy frown!  
How before thee their boasted strength grew weak!  
How did the proud 'Invincible' bow down  
When thou did'st speak!  
And then the warring myriads on thy breast  
Were hush'd in sleepless rest!

Man talks of thy obedience to his sway,—  
O, let the vain and babbling thing talk on!  
Who ever bore his sceptre for a day,  
But it was gone?  
For who can put a bridle upon thee,  
UNGOVERNABLE SEA!

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What were to thee the Persian's stripes and chains?  
What was to thee the Roman's idle boast?  
What was to thee the vaunt of the proud Danes  
Upon thy coast?  
On did'st thou glide, in calm contempt of blows  
And threats from such vain foes.  
For thou hast armies stronger than of old  
The Macedonian to Hydaspes led,  
Form'd of the great, the noble, and the bold,  
Who've fought and bled:  
What are the nations of the world to thee,  
UNCONQUERABLE SEA!

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O, might I but possess the precious store  
Which thou hast gather'd to thy hoards of old,  
Composed of riches brought from ev'ry shore;  
Silver and gold,  
And gems, from Heathen, Christian, Jew, and Moor,—  
Then no man should be poor!

For thou hast jewels of uncounted price,  
Gather'd from older worlds as rich as ours,  
When, numerous ages since, the glittering vice  
Had all its powers;

*Thoughts on the Sea.*

And man allow'd his heart to be a clod,  
That gold might be his god.

The mighty Babylon her tribute sent,  
And princely Tyre, and gorgeous Sidon too ;  
From wond'rous Thebes the fated vessels went

To pay their due :

And gold of Ophir, cunning hands had wrought,  
The ships of Tarshish brought.

But thy exchequer flourishes as high  
Almost as once it did ; within thy deeps  
The El Dorado stores neglected lie

In mountain heaps ;

And India has poured forth her millions there  
Of treasures rich and rare.

And wave-girt Venice, thron'd upon the sea,  
Whose merchants have been conquerors and kings,  
With Genoa the superb, pour'd fast and free

Their precious things,

And costly fabrics wove of silken twine,  
As off'rings on thy shrine.

Yet thou'rt a miser with thy riches,—still  
Adding fresh treasure to thy hidden store ;  
Though frequent argosies thy caverns fill,

Thou seekest more ;

Hungering for wealth, of little use to thee,  
INSATIABLE SEA !

Oft when a boy upon thy breast I lay,  
Changing my many motions with my whims,  
To let the light of the warm sunbeams play

Upon my limbs ;

Or dashing through the waves with glee as wild  
As an unconscious child.

And I have stray'd thy yellow sands along,  
Mid scenes most stirring to poetic minds,  
To hear the hollow sea-shell's mimic song

Of waves and winds ;

And garnering up a store of fond delights  
From many pleasing sights.

Alone I've stood beside thy sounding shore,  
List'ning to the wild music of thy voice ;  
And while the moaning winds would sigh and roar

I would rejoice.

I loved to be familiar with each sound  
Which echo'd far around.

But soon I had a boat with swelling sail,  
And many a day reposed beneath the sky,  
Courting the breeze until it proved a gale,

And waves were high ;

And when the storm was raging in its height  
I felt a deep delight.



My joy was in the long-continued roll  
 Of the fierce thunder, when it bellowing came;  
 But there seem'd deeper glory for my soul  
 In the red flame,—  
 To watch the dazzling flashes that were sent  
 To light me as I went.  
 I've heard the sea-gull screaming o'er my head,  
 I've seen the stormy petrel on my track;  
 But none had power to stop me where I led,  
 Or keep me back;  
 And I maintain'd companionship with thee,  
 UNFATHOMABLE SEA!

Of those who held dominion on thy waves,  
 Who is there that has sway'd it long, or well?  
 Thou dost not truckle to the power of slaves,—  
 But let me tell—  
 'Tis to the free, and to the free alone,  
 Whose power thy waters own.

The Island-born have swept thy billow since  
 The Sea-Kings bore their proud dominion there,  
 Though Europe leagued, and oft some powerful prince  
 The fight would dare;  
 Holland and Spain, and France, have many a day  
 Felt a superior sway.

They were as chaff before the rushing wind,  
 As dead leaves scatter'd by an autumn shower:  
 They throng'd in arms, were conquer'd and resign'd  
 Their useless power.  
 What flag waved triumph o'er thy foaming brine?—  
 My island-home, 'twas thine!

And now shall we our former fame forget,  
 And let our barks rot idle on the wave?  
 No!—do we not possess a Sea-King yet,  
 As good and brave  
 As ever free-born men were glad to own  
 Upon an ocean-throne.

Deeds might be done worthy our glorious isle—  
 Arise, ye relicts of the mighty dead!  
 The fame of Trafalgar and of the Nile  
 Is not yet fled;  
 A shame upon our bravery remains  
 While Poland is in chains.

Send o'er the wave the British flag unfurl'd,  
 Where Nelson, Drake, and Hood, the way have shewn;  
 Then Freedom o'er the nations of the world  
 Shall raise her throne,  
 And let her sway remain unchanged like thee,  
 THOU EVERLASTING SEA!

## MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTES.\*

WE hail the appearance of the seventh and eighth volumes of this work with much satisfaction, and we commence our translations with the meeting of the fair Duchess and one of the principal actors in the French revolution. It is related with spirit.

'Just before I left Madrid, I met with an adventure at the ambassador's, singular enough to induce me to give it a place in these Memoirs.

'I dined every day at the ambassador's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. I was generally very late, because my excursions of curiosity so fully occupied my mornings that I was never at home until five o'clock, after which I had to dress; so that I always arrived after the third bell had rung. But Madame de Beurnonville, always indulgent, readily excused this. One day I came just as the party were entering the dinner-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next to me was a man, of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a morose and bilious complexion. His look was sombre; and something made me think he had but one eye, but I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not however blind him. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. At the second course, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, although I was conscious of the rudeness of the question, I could not help asking General Beurnonville, in a whisper, who my silent neighbor was.

"What!" he replied, with an air of surprise, "do you not know him?"

"I never saw him."

"Impossible!"

"I declare that such is the fact."

"But you have often heard his name mentioned, particularly when you were a child."

"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he then?"

"Shall I send you some spinach, TALLIEN?" said a well known voice.

'It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, which he had guessed.

'I almost started from my chair. . . . TALLIEN . . . . I looked obliquely at the horrible man, who, having perceived the effect he produced upon me, became of the color of the spinach which my husband had offered him. The latter had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connexion with Tallien.

'This name, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression upon me. . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination fed with the most horrible recitals connected in the most particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, as I have already stated, which he must have perceived; for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus.

\* *Memoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantes ou Souvenirs Historiques sur Napoleon, la Revolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Paris, 1823. *Ladvoeat.*

The wretch! How did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question; and also how it happened that one of our decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified this dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true, that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards such officers as were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at head-quarters on this account." \* \* \*

'After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe at Malaga; at all events I am certain that it was somewhere in Andalusia.

'The name of Tallien is famous in the bloody page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th of Thermidor, he deserves honorable mention in history. I am not one of those kind creatures determined to find good in everything; nor can I agree with those who now attribute good intentions to Robespierre, and pretend that, had it not been for what occurred on the 9th of Thermidor, we should have had a return of the golden age. It may be so, and I am willing to believe it rather than differ in opinion from those persons who, even at the present day, say—*Be my brother, or I will kill thee*. And yet I am a good patriot. I was brought up during the dawn of that glorious revolution; I imbibed its principles, and my young years were spent under the shade of the tricolor flag and the wide-spreading tree of liberty!

Our next anecdote relates to M. de Limoges—and we really know not which most to admire, the gentleman or the thief.

'M. de Limoges was then a banker, and was to set out for Bordeaux the next day upon business. In the evening he went to the play, with a tortoise-shell snuff-box set in gold, upon the cover of which was a beautiful miniature of his wife holding her son in her arms, painted by Augustin. The child was then about two years old, and remarkable for its beauty. Madame de Limoges was also a beautiful woman, and the execution of the picture was admirable. On leaving the theatre with a lady of his acquaintance, he felt some one press against him, and having turned suddenly round, a handsome young man, of seemingly elegant manners, apologized for having pushed him. He ought, perhaps, to have apologized for something else; for scarcely had M. de Limoges entered his house than he discovered that he had been robbed; his snuff-box was gone. This loss was doubly felt, because, independently of the subject, the painting was one of great value. He lodged a complaint at the police office; and in an advertisement, which he had inserted in all the papers, he promised ten louis to any person who would bring him back the miniature only. On his return from Bordeaux, two months after, he found a packet addressed to him, which, to his great delight, enclosed, not the snuff-box, but the miniature. It was accompanied by the following letter, of which I have seen the original:—

'"Sir,—I can easily imagine your regret at losing the miniature, which I have the honor to return to you. So charming a child, and so

beautiful a wife, must necessarily be the pride and delight of him who has a right to have them painted. But permit me, sir, to offer a word of advice. A man who has such a wife and child, painted by Augustin, and carries them upon the lid of a snuff-box, should have the latter of gold, and should surround the miniature with brilliants of the first water. Had you done so, it would have been more honorable for you, and more profitable to me.

"I have the honor, &c.

"THE THIEF.

"P. S. You have promised ten louis to any one who should return the miniature into your hands. This is something like the promise of a Gascon, for you could not suppose that I am such a simpleton as to put you to the test. If, however, you really meant to keep your word, put the ten louis into your pocket, and come to the Favart theatre the day after to-morrow—I will then pay myself with my own hands."

"This singular epistle was left at the house of M. de Limoges during his absence. On the night after his return, he put the ten louis into his pocket and went to the theatre, but he met not the thief. The latter perhaps had been more unfortunate with another than with him, and might have been in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, M. de Limoges never heard any more of him."

The next anecdote which we shall translate, is the account of an attack made by robbers, in Spain, upon M. d'Aranjo, the Portuguese minister at Berlin.

"M. d'Aranjo preceded us by some weeks. An adventure, *à la Gil Blas*, occurred to him on the road. He was attacked by banditti, who plundered and ill-treated him. He was of a very mild, but firm character. As soon as the robbers had opened the carriage-door, they brutally dragged him out, and demanded where his money was. The Count d'Aranjo had with him a secretary, who was a coward of the first water. Him the robbers had thrown into a dry ditch, just after they dragged his master from the carriage. There the poor fellow lay, with his nose to the ground, in a state of agony, which excites no commiseration when it is produced by cowardice. As for M. d'Aranjo, he was as calm as such a situation would allow, and was considering how he should save a watch which Madame de Talleyrand was sending to the Duchess of Ossuna, and another valuable trinket, of which he had taken charge for the Marchioness of Ariza, mother of the Duke of Berwick. The watch was of blue enamel, with diamond hands; and each hour indicated by a superb brilliant. The other trinket was a chain of diamonds and pearls set by Foncier. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and must have been invaluable at Madrid, where stones are always so badly set. M. d'Aranjo was considering, in the midst of the *bandoleros*, how he should conceal these things. The watch soon found its way into one of his boots, and the chain into that part of his habiliments which no person had ever thought of examining, since he was whipped as a truant schoolboy. The robbers expected a rich booty; for what they wanted, was these very jewels, which had been seen at Bayonne, with several others; and a report was prevalent that M. d'Aranjo had been intrusted with the crown jewels of Portugal, to have them re-set. His over-prudence had done all the mischief. He always carried this watch and chain about his person lest he should lose them; and at this period the Spanish police were so inefficient, that you could not walk a league from Madrid without incurring the danger of being carried off by a fine troop

of brigands, well dressed, well armed, and whose appearance was a thousand times more splendid than the king's troops, who had neither bread, shoes, nor money. Thus, when the latter met the brigands face to face, they always sustained defeat. No one ever travelled without an escort of seven or eight men at least. The men most to be depended upon as guards were natives of Arragon, or Asturians. M. d'Aranjo had taken this escort; but, as he was not timid, and fancied there was no danger, he had that morning gone on before his escort, who were to meet him at the place where he intended to dine. He had scarcely gone a distance of six miles when he was attacked, as I have before stated. The robbers immediately plundered the carriages, and broke open all the boxes in that in which the minister travelled; but not finding what they expected, they drew their knives, and threatened to kill M. d'Aranjo, who, having secured the watch and chain, bid them defiance, told them that they were a set of villains, whom he would give orders to have hanged. This was rather imprudent; but it was right, he said, always to endeavor to intimidate such men by an attitude to which they were not accustomed under such circumstances.

"But you braved death," said I, "which, permit me to say, was an act of madness; and, indeed, with a poignard at your throat, you were not far off."

"Oh, no. . . . I cannot think so. . . . Besides," he added, after having reflected an instant, "it is all the same thing. I could not lower myself to such scoundrels. . . . They might *take*, but it was not for me to *give*!"

"It seems that the secretary was not so absolute as his master in his ideas of personal dignity, for he made the most humble supplications to the robbers. But when he heard the Count peremptorily refuse to deliver up the money and jewels, all his respect for his patron merged in his fears.

"My lord! my lord!" he cried, in a voice of despair, "you do not consider what you are about.—My good gentlemen, I will tell you where the money is." Then raising himself half up in the ditch where he lay—"Gentlemen," he said, "look there, on the left side of the carriage, there is a small brass knob in the panel,—press that, good gentlemen, and take all, but pray do not kill us. . . . The jewels are there likewise.

"And he uttered every word in a tremulous and doleful voice, and accompanied with a frightful chattering of the teeth. . . . The poor man was as pale as a ghost, and during several months after was like one bewildered.

"But my lord," said he, after the robbers were gone, "you could not have been in earnest." He was then informed that the watch and chain had been saved; which alarmed him so much that he wanted to call back the brigands and give up these trinkets. "For depend upon it," he said, "they expected to get them."

We conclude, for the present, with a ludicrous account of a scene on the heights of Boulogne.

Madame B—r, the mother of Madame Laplanche-Mortier, had never before been so near the Emperor; and nothing could prevent her from leaving the barrack, that she might get a better sight of him. As she was the mother-in-law of an officer of the palace, the Emperor could not be angry if he met her on his road. Being, however, in an ill-humor,

he might, perhaps, give her a specimen of it; but Madame B—r feared nothing, and boldly ventured forth.

‘It required more courage than people would imagine, to go out at this moment. One of the gales of the autumnal equinox was blowing in full fury, and the whirls of the flags above the throne indicated to Madame B—r that a similar effect would be produced upon her petticoats. On my making the observation to her, she replied that she would hold them down with her hands; and, in fact, we saw her for some time manœuvre so as to preserve things in decent order. The Emperor, occupied with what was passing eighty or a hundred feet below him, continued to walk rapidly up and down the terrace, without, however, passing a certain limit on either side. Madame B—r, who could not see him from the place where she stood, determined to go boldly round to the other side of the barrack, facing the throne. In this undertaking she exposed herself to the fury of the wind, which had increased in violence, and threatened this day of pageantry with a termination not very agreeable to the *legionnaires* who were to dine under an awning. The Emperor, much vexed, spoke very loud, and in a manner sufficiently energetic to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of a woman capable of appreciating Napoleon; and who must have been desirous of seeing him at a time when he evinced that he was not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. She forgot the storm, and, as I have already stated, turned the corner of the barrack. At this instant she was struck by a sudden gust, which got into her large bonnet, and loosened the ribbons with which it was fastened. Madame B—r wore a wig, which she felt would follow the bonnet; she therefore let go her petticoats to secure the head-gear; but the wind bent upon having its own way, twirled and twisted about Madame B—r, who, by the bye, was of immense size, and without any ceremony began to lift up her gown and petticoats. It then became necessary for the hands to go to the assistance of the lower extremities. Thus the bonnet abandoned to the caprice of the storm, was carried away, together with the wig, and poor Madame B—r saved the honor of her legs at the expense of her naked scalp, which stood confessed before Napoleon, who at that instant turned round to speak to the Minister of Marine, whom he thought to be close behind him. It must be confessed that such a spectacle was a difficult ordeal for the Emperor’s gravity. It was impossible to help laughing at the sight of an immensely fat woman presenting a fat, white, round head, close shaved; her countenance expressing wildness and terror; and her whole body strained by her exertions to keep down her petticoats. The Emperor, however, behaved very well: his smile as he passed her was scarcely perceptible.’

#### MEDITATION.

‘A sweet and melancholy face, that seems  
 Haunted with earnest thought; the dark midnight  
 Has given its raven softness to her hair;  
 And evening, starry eve, half clouds, half light,  
 Is in the shadowy beauty of her eyes.’

How quietly has night come down,  
 Quiet as the sweet sleep she yields!

A purple shadow marks yon town,  
A silvery hue the moonlit fields ;  
And one or two white turrets rise  
Glittering beneath the highest ray—  
As conscious of the distant skies,  
To which they teach and point the way.

The river in the lustre gleams,  
Where hang the blossomed shrubs above—  
The flushed and drooping rose, whose dreams  
Must be of summer and of love.  
The pale acacia's fragrant bough  
Is heavy with its weight of dew;  
And every flower and leaf have now  
A sweeter sigh, a deeper hue.

There breathes no song, there stirs no wing—  
Mute is the bird, and still the bee;  
Only the wind is wandering—  
Wild Wind, is there no rest for thee?  
Oh, wanderer over many flowers.  
Have none of them for thee repose?  
Go sleep amid the lime-tree bowers,  
Go rest by yon white gelder-rose.

What! restless still? methinks thou art  
Fated for aye to bear along  
The beating of the poet's heart,  
The sorrow of the poet's song.  
Or has thy voice before been heard,  
The language of another sphere,  
And every tone is but a word  
Mournful, because forgotten here?

Some memory, or some sympathy,  
Is surely in thy murmur brought:  
Ah, all in vain the search must be,  
To pierce these mysteries of thought!  
They say that, hung in ancient halls,  
At midnight from the silent lute  
A melancholy music falls  
From chords which were by daylight mute.

And so the human heart by night  
Is touched by some inspired tone,  
Harmonious in the deep delight,  
By day it knew not was its own.  
Those stars upon the clear blue heaven—  
Those stars we never see by day—  
Have in their hour of beauty given  
A deeper influence to their sway—

Felt on the mind and on the soul—  
For is it not in such an hour

The spirit spurns the clay's control,  
 And genius knows its glorious power?—  
 All that the head may e'er command,  
 All that the heart can ever feel,  
 The tuneful lip, the gifted hand,  
 Such hours inspire, such hours reveal.

The morrow comes with noise and toil.  
 The meaner cares, the hurried crowd,  
 The culture of the barren soil.  
 And gain the only wish avowed:  
 The loftier vision is gone by—  
 The hope which then in light had birth,  
 The flushing cheek, the kindling eye,  
 Are with the common things of earth.

Yet all their influence is not gone:  
 Perchance in that creative time  
 Some high attraction first was known,  
 Some aim and energy sublime.  
 In such an hour doth sculptor know  
 What shapes within the marble sleep;  
 His Sun-god lifts the radiant bow,  
 His Venus rises from the deep.

And imaged on the azure air  
 The painter marks his shadows rise—  
 A face than mortal face more fair  
 And colors which are of the skies.  
 The hero sees the field his own,  
 The banners sweep o'er glittering spears,  
 And in the purple and the throne  
 Forgets their cost of blood and tears.

And he who gave to Europe's sight  
 Her sister world till then unseen,  
 How long to his inspired night  
 Familiar must that world have been!  
 All Genius ever yet combined,  
 In its first hour could only *seem*,  
 And rose embodied in the mind  
 From some imaginative dream.

O beauty of the midnight skies!  
 O mystery of each distant star!  
 O dreaming hours, whose magic lies  
 In rest and calm, with Day afar!  
 Thanks for the higher moods that wake  
 Our thoughtful and immortal part!—  
 Out on our life, could we not make  
 A spiritual temple of the heart!



## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.\*

For I am as a weed,  
 Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,  
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.  
*Third Canto of Childe Harold.*

We had to beat up for three days before we could weather the east end of Jamacia, and tearing work we had of it. I had seen bad weather and heavy seas in several quarters of the globe—I had tumbled about under a close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail, on the long seas in the Bay of Biscay—I had been kicked about in a seventy-four, off the Cape of Good Hope, as if she had been a cork—I had been hove hither and thither, by the short jumble of the North Sea, about Heligoland, and the shoals lying off the mouth of the Elbe, when everything over head was black as thunder, and all beneath as white as snow—I had enjoyed the luxury of being torn in pieces by a north-wester, which compelled us to lie-to for ten days at a stretch, under storm stay-sails, off the coast of Yankee-land, with a clear, deep, cold; blue sky above us, without a cloud, where the sun shone brightly the whole time by day, and a glorious harvest moon by night, as if they were smiling in derision upon our riven and strained ship, as she reeled to and fro like a wounded Titan; at one time buried in the black trough of the sea; at another cast upwards towards the heavens by the throes of the tormented waters, from the troubled bosom of the bounding and roaring ocean, amidst hundreds of miniature rainbows, (ay, rainbows by night as well as by day,) in a hissing storm of white, foaming, seething spray, torn from the curling and rolling bright green crests of the mountainous billows. And I have had more than one narrow squeak for it in the neighborhood of the 'still vexed Bermoothes,' besides various other small affairs, written in this *Boke*; but the devil such another tumblification had I ever experienced, not as to danger, for there was none except to our spars and rigging, but as to discomfort, as I did in that short cross, splashing, and boiling sea, off Morant Point. By noon, however, on the second day, having had a slant from the land-wind in the night previous, we got well to windward of the long sandy spit that forms the east end of the island, and were in the act of getting a small pull of the weather braces, before edging away for St. Jago, when the wind fell suddenly, and in half an hour it was stark calm—'una furiosa calma,' as the Spanish sailors quaintly enough call it.

We got rolling tackles up, and the topgallant masts down, and studding sails out of the tops, and lessened the lumber and weight aloft in every way we could think of, but, nevertheless, we continued to roll gunwale under, dipping the main yard-arm into the water, every now and then, and setting everything adrift, below and on deck, that was not bolted down, or otherwise well secured.

When I went down to dinner, the scene was extremely good. Old Yerk, the first lieutenant, was in the chair—one of the boys was jammed at his side, with his claws fastened round the foot of the table, holding a tureen of boiling pease-soup, with lumps of pork swimming in it, which the aforesaid Yerk was bailing forth with great assiduity to his messmates. Hydrostatics were much in vogue—the tendency of fluids to regain their

\* Continued from page 135.

equilibrium (confound them, they have often in the shape of claret destroyed mine) was beautifully illustrated, as the contents of each carefully balanced soup-plate kept swaying about on the principle of the spirit level. The Doctor was croupier, and as it was a return dinner to the captain, all hands were regularly figged out, the lieutenants, with their epaulets and best coats, and the master, purser, and doctor, all fittingly attired. When I first entered, as I made my obeisance to the captain, I thought I saw an empty seat next him, but the matter of the soup was rather an engrossing concern, and took up my attention, so that I paid no particular regard to the circumstance; however, when we had all discussed the same, and were drinking our first glass of Tene-riffe, I raised my eyes to hob and nob with the master, when—ye gods and little fishes—who should they light on, but the merry phiz—merry, alas! no more—of Aaron Bang, Esquire, who, during the soup interlude had slid into the vacant chair unperceived by me.

'Why, Mr. Bang, where, in the name of all that is comical—*where have you dropped from?*' Alas! poor Aaron—Aaron, in a rolling sea, was of no kindred to Aaron ashore. His rosy gills were no longer rosy—his round plump face seemed to be covered with parchment from an old bass-drum, cut out from the centre where most bronzed by the drumstick—there was no speculation in his eyes that he did glare withal—and his lips, which were usually firm and open, disclosing his nice teeth in frequent grin, were held together, as if he had been in grievous pain. At length he did venture to open them—and, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, 'it lifted up its head and did address itself to motion, as it would speak.' But they began to quiver, and he once more screwed them together, as if he feared the very exertion of *uttering* a word or two might unsettle his moniplies.

The master was an odd garrulous small man, who had a certain number of stated jokes, which, so long as they were endured, he unmercifully inflicted on his messmates. I had come in for my share, as a new comer, as well as the rest; but even with me, although I had been but recently appointed, they had already begun to pall and wax wearisome; and blind as the beetle of a body was, he could not help seeing this. So poor Bang, unable to return a shot, sea-sick and crestfallen, offered a target that he could not resist taking aim at. Dinner was half over, and Bang had not eaten anything, when, unseasonable as the hour was, the little pot-valiant master, primed with two tumblers of grog, in defiance of the captain's presence, fairly fastened on him, like a remora, and pinned him down with one of his long-winded stories, about Captain David Jones, in the *Phantome*, during a cruise off Cape Flyaway, having run foul of a whale, and thereby nearly foundered; and that at length having got the monster harpooned and speared, and the devil knows what,—but it ended in getting her alongside, when they scuttled the Leviathan, and then, wonderful to relate, found a Greenlandman with royal yards crossed in her maw, and *the captain and mate in the cabin quarrelling about the reckoning*.

'What do you think of that, Mr. Bang—as well they might, Mr. Bang—as well they might?' Bang said nothing; but at the moment—whether the said Aaron lent wings to the bird or no, I cannot tell—a goose swimming in apple sauce, which he was, with a most stern countenance, endeavoring to carve, fetched way right over the gunwale of the dish; and taking a whole boat of melted butter with it, splashed across the table during a tremendous roll, that made everything creak and groan

again, right into the small master's lap who was his *vis-a-vis*. I could hear Aaron grumble out something about—'Strange affinity—birds of a feather.' But his time was up, his minutes were numbered, and like a shot he bolted from the table, sculling or rather clawing away towards the door, by the backs of the chairs, like a green parrot, until he reached the marine at the bottom of the ladder, at the door of the captain's cabin, round whose neck he immediately fetterlocked his fins.

He had only time to exclaim to his new ally, 'My dear fellow, get me some brandy and water, for the love of mercy'—when he blew up, with an explosion like the bursting of a steam-boiler—'Oh dear, oh dear,' we could hear him murmuring in the lulls of his agony—then another loud report—'there goes my yesterday's supper—hot grog and toasted cheese'—another roar, as if the spirit was leaving its earthly tabernacle—'Dinner—claret—maderia'—all cruel bad in a second edition—'Cheese, teal, and ringtail pigeon—black crabs—calapi and turtle-soup'—as his fleshly indulgencies of the previous day rose up in judgment against him, like a man's evil deeds on his death-bed. At length the various *strata* of his interior were entirely excavated—'Ah!—I have got to my breakfast—to the simple tea and toast at last.'—'Brandy and water, my dear N——, brandy and water, my darling, hot, without sugar'—and 'Brandy and water' died in echoes in the distance as he was stowed away into his cot in the captain's cabin. It seems that it had been all arranged between him and N——, that he was to set off for St. Thomas in the East, the morning on which we sailed, and to get a shove out in the pilot-boat schooner, from Morant Bay, to join us for the cruise; and accordingly he had come on board the night previous when I was below, and being somewhat qualmish he had wisely kept his cot; the fun of the thing depending, as it seemed, on all hands carefully keeping it from me that he was on board.

Next morning we got the breeze again, when we bore away for Santiago de Cuba, and arrived off the Moro Castle on the fifth evening at sunset, after leaving Port Royal harbor. The Spaniards, in their better days, were a kind of coral worms; wherever they planted their colonies, they immediately set to covering themselves in with stone and mortar; applying their own entire energies, and the whole strength of their Indian captives, first to the erection of a fort; their second object (postponed to the other only through absolute necessity) being then to build a temple to their God. Gradually vast fabrics appeared, where before there was nothing but one eternal forest, or a howling wilderness; and although it does come over one, when looking at the splendid moles, and firm built bastions, and stupendous churches of the New World—the latter surpassing, or at the least equalling in magnificence and grandeur those of Old Spain herself—that they are all cemented by the blood and sweat of millions of gentle Indians, of whose harmless existence, in many quarters, they remain the only monuments, still it is a melancholy reflection to look back and picture to one's self what Spain was, and to compare her, in her high and palmy state, with what she is now; with what she was, even when, as a young midshipman, I first visited her glorious transatlantic colonies.

Until the Peninsula was overrun by the French, Buenos Ayres, La-guayra, Porto Cavello, Maracaibo, Santa Martha, and that stronghold of the west, the key of the Isthmus of Darien, Cartagena de las Indias, with Porto Bello, and Vera Cruz, on the Atlantic shores of South America, were all prosperous and happy—'*Llenas de Plata*;' and on the western

coast, Valparaiso, Lima, Panama, and San Blas, were thriving and increasing in population and wealth. England, through her colonies, was at that time driving a lucrative trade with all of them; but the demon of change was abroad, blown thither by the pestilent breath of European liberalism. What a vineyard for Abbe Sieyes to have labored in! Every *Capitania* would have become a purchaser of one of his cut and dried constitutions. Indeed he could not have turned them out of hand fast enough. The enlightened *few*, in these countries, were as a drop in the bucket to the unenlightened *many*; and although no doubt there were numbers of the former who were well meaning men, yet they were one and all guilty of that prime political blunder, in common with our-Whig friends at home, of expecting a set of semi-barbarians to see the beauty of, and conform to their newfangled codes of free institutions, for which they were as ready as I am to die at this present moment. Bolivar, in his early fever of patriotism, made the same mistake, although his shrewd mind in his later career, saw that a despotism, *pure or impure*—I will not qualify it—was your only government for the *savages* he had at one time dignified with the name of fellow patriots. But he came to this wholesome conclusion too late; he tried back, it is true, but it would not do; the fiend had been unchained, and at length hunted him broken hearted into his grave.

But the men of mind tell us, that those countries are now going through the *political fermentation*, which by and by will clear, when the sediment will be deposited, and the different ranks will each take their acknowledged and undisputed stations in society; and the United States are once and again quoted against we of the adverse faction, as if there was the most remote analogy between their population, originally composed of all the *cleverest scoundrels* of Europe, and the barbarians of Spanish America, where a few master spirits, all old Spaniards, did indeed for a season stick fiery off from the dark mass of savages amongst whom their lot was cast, like stars in a moonless night, but only to suffer a speedy eclipse from the clouds and storm which they themselves had set in motion. We shall see. The *scum* as yet is uppermost, and does not seem likely to *subside*, but it may *boil over*. In Cuba, however, all was at the time quiet, and still is, I believe, prosperous, and that too without having come through this said blessed political fermentation.

During the night we stood off and on under easy sail, and next morning, when the day broke, with a strong breeze and a fresh shower, we were about two miles off the Moro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago de Cuba.

I went aloft to look round me. The sea breeze blew strong, until it reached within half a mile of the shore, where it stopped short, shooting in cat's paws occasionally into the smooth belt of water beyond, where the long unbroken swell rolled like molten silver in the rising sun, without a ripple on its surface, until it dashed its gigantic undulations against the face of the precipitous cliffs on the shore, and flew up in smoke. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow, and looked from my perch like a zig-zag chasm in the rock, inlaid at the bottom with polished blue steel; so clear, and calm, and pellucid was the still water wherein the frowning rocks, and magnificent trees on the banks, and the white Moro, rising with its grinning tiers of cannon, battery above battery, were reflected *veluti in speculum*, as if it had been in a mirror.

We had fired a gun, and the signal for a pilot was flying, when the

Captain hailed me. 'Does the sea-breeze blow into the harbor yet, Mr. Cringle?'

'Not yet, sir; but it is creeping in fast.'

'Very well. Let me know when we can run in. Mr. Yerk, back the main-topsail, and heave the ship to.'

Presently the pilot canoe, with the Spanish flag flying in the stern, came alongside; and the pilot, a tall brown man, a *Moreno*, as the Spaniards say, came on board. He wore a glazed cocked hat, which was rather an out of the way finish to his figure, which was rigged in a simple Osnaburg shirt, and pair of trowsers. He came on the quarter-deck, and made his bow to the captain with all the ease in the world, wished him a good morning, and taking his place by the quartermaster at the cunn, he took charge of the ship. 'Senor,' quoth he to me, 'is de harbor blow up yet? I mean, you see de *viento* walking into him. De Terral—dat is land-wind; has he cease?'

'No,' I answered; 'the belt of smooth water is growing narrower fast; but the sea breeze does not blow into the channel yet. Now it has reached the entrance.'

'Ah, den make sail, Senor Capitan; fill de main-topsail.' We stood in, the scene becoming more and more magnificent as we approached the land.

The fresh green shores of this glorious island lay before us, fringed with white surf, as the everlasting ocean in its approach to it gradually changed its dark blue color, as the water shoaled, into a bright joyous green under the blazing sun, as if in sympathy with the genius of the fair land, before it tumbled at his feet its gently swelling billows, in shaking thunders on the reefs and rocky face of the coast, against which they were driven up in clouds, the incense of their sacrifice. The undulating hills in the vicinity were all either cleared, and covered with the greenest verdure that imagination can picture, over which strayed large herds of cattle, or with forests of gigantic trees, from amongst which, every now and then, peeped out some palm-thatched mountain settlement, with its small thread of blue smoke floating up into the calm clear morning air, while the blue hills in the distance rose higher and higher, and more and more blue, and dreamy, and indistinct, until their rugged summits could not be distinguished from the clouds through the glimmering hot haze of the tropics.

'By the mark seven,' sung out the leadsman in the starboard chains. —'Quarter less three,' responded he in the larboard; showing that the inequalities of the surface at the bottom of the sea, even in the breadth of the ship, were at least as abrupt as those presented above water by the sides of the natural canal into which we were now running. By this time, on our right hand, we were within pistol shot of the Moro, where the channel is not above fifty yards across; indeed there is a chain, made fast to a rock on the opposite side, that can be hove up by a capstan until it is level with the water, so as to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to force an entrance in time of war. As we stood in, the golden flag of Spain rose slowly on the staff at the Water Battery, and cast its large sleepy folds abroad in the breeze; but instead of floating over mail-clad men, or Spanish soldiers in warlike array, three poor devils of half naked mulattoes stuck their heads out of an embrasure under its shadow. 'Senor Capitan,' they shouted, '*una Botella de Roma, por el honor del pais.*' We were mighty close upon leaving the bones of the old ship here, by the by; for at the very instant of entering

the harbor's mouth, the land-wind checked us off, and very nearly hove us broadside on upon the rocks below the castle, against which the swell was breaking in thunder.

'Let go the anchor,' sung out the captain.

'All gone, sir,' promptly responded the boatswain from the fore-castle. And as he spoke, we struck once, twice, and very heavily the third time. But the breeze coming in strong, we fetched way again; and as the cable was promptly cut, we got safely off. On weighing the anchor afterwards, we found the water had been so shoal under the bows, that the ship, when she stranded, had struck it, and broken the stock short off by the ring. The only laughable part of the story consisted in the old cook, an Irishman, with one leg, and half an eye, scrambling out of the galley nearly naked, in his trowsers, shirt, and greasy night-cap, and sprawling on all fours after two tubs-full of yams, which the third thump had cap-sized all over the deck. 'Oh you scurvy looking tief,' said he, eyeing the pilot; 'if it was running us ashore you were set on, why the blazes couldn't ye wait until the yams were in the copper, bad luck to ye—and them all scraped too! I do believe, *if they even had been taties, it would have been all the same to you.*' We stood on, the channel narrowing still more—the rocks rising to a height of at least five hundred feet from the water's edge, as sharply and precipitously, as if they had only yesterday been spilt asunder; the splintered projections and pinnacles on one side, having each their corresponding fissures and indentations on the other, as if the hand of a giant could have closed them together again.

Noble trees shot out in all directions wherever they could find a little earth, and a crevice to hold on by, almost meeting overhead in several places, and alive with all kinds of birds and beasts incidental to the climate; parrots of all sorts, great and small, *clomb*, and hung, and fluttered amongst the branches; and pigeons of numberless varieties; and the glancing woodpecker, with his small hammerlike *tap, tap, tap*; and the West India nightingale, and humming birds of all hues; while cranes, black, white, and grey, frightened from their fishing-stations, stalked, and peeped about, as awkwardly as a warrant-officer in his long-skirted coat on a Sunday, while whole flocks of ducks flew across the mast-heads and through the rigging; and the dragon-like guanias, and lizards of many kinds disported themselves amongst the branches, not lazily or loathsomely, as we, who have only seen a lizard in our cold climate, are apt to picture, but alert, and quick as lightning, their colors changing with the changing light, or the hues of the objects to which they clung, becoming literally in one respect portions of the landscape.

And then the dark, transparent crystal depth of the pure waters under foot, reflecting all nature so steadily and distinctly, that in the hollows, where the overhanging foliage of the laurel-like bushes darkened the scene, you could not for your life tell where the elements met, so blended were earth and sea.

'Starboard,' said I. I had now come on deck. 'Starboard, or the main-top-gallant-masthead *will be foul of the limb of that tree.* Foretop there—lie out on the larboard fore-yard arm, and be ready to shove her off, if she shears too close.'

'Let go the anchor,' struck in the first lieutenant.

Splash—the cable rumbled through the hause-hole.

'Now, here are we brought up in paradise,' quoth the doctor.

'Curukity coo—curukity coo,' sung out a great bushy-whiskered sail-or from the crows' nest, who turned out to be no other than our old

friend Timothy Taitackle, quite juvenilised by the laughing scene. 'Here am I, Jack, a booby amongst the singing-birds,' crowed he to one of his messmates in the maintop, as he clutched a branch of a tree in his hand, and swung himself up into it. But the ship, as old Nick would have it, at the very instant dropped astern a few yards in swinging to her anchor, and that so suddenly that she left him on his perch in the tree, converting his jest, poor fellow, into melancholy earnest. 'Oh Lord, sir!' sung out Timotheus, in a great quandary. 'Captain, do heave a-head a bit—Murder—I shall never get down again! Do, Mr. Yerk, if you please, sir!' And there he sat twisting and craning himself about, and screwing his features into combinations evincing the most comical perplexity.

The captain, by way of a bit of fun, pretended not to hear him.

'Maintop there,' quoth he.

The midshipman in the top answered him, 'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Not you, Mr. Reefpoint; the captain of the top I want.'

'He is not in the top, sir,' responded little Reefpoint, chuckling like to choke himself.

'Where the devil is he, sir?'

'Here, sir,' squealed Timothy, his usual gruff voice spindling into a small *cheep*, through his great perplexity. 'Here, sir.'

'What are you doing there, sir! Come down this moment, sir. Rig out the main-topmast-studding-sail-boom, Mr. Reefpoint, and tell him to slew himself down by that long water-withe.'

To hear was to obey. Poor Timothy clambered down to the fork of the tree, from which the withe depended, and immediately began to warp himself down, until he reached within three or four yards of the starboard foretop-sail-yardarm; but the corvette *still* dropped astern, so that, after a vain attempt to hook on by his feet, he swung off into mid air, hanging by his hands.

It was no longer a joke. 'Here, you black fellows in the pilot-canoe,' shouted the captain, as he threw them a rope himself. 'Pass the end of that line round the stump yonder—that one below the cliff, there—now pull like devils, pull.'

They did not understand a word he said; but, comprehending his gestures, did what he wished.

'Now haul on the line, men—gently, that will do. Missed it again,' continued the skipper, as the poor fellow once more made a fruitless attempt to swing himself on to the yard.

'Pay out the warp again,' sung out Taitackle—'quick, quick, let the ship swing from under, and leave me scope to dive, or I shall be obliged to let go, and be killed on the deck.'

'God bless me, yes,' said N.; 'stick out the warp, let her swing to her anchor.'

In an instant all eyes were again fastened with intense anxiety on the poor fellow, whose strength was fast failing, and his grasp plainly relaxing.

'See all clear to pick me up, messmates.'

Taitackle slipped down to the extreme end of the black withe, that looked like a scorched snake, closed his legs close together, pointing his toes downwards, and then steadying himself for a moment, with his hands right above his head, and his arms at the full stretch, he dropped, struck the water fairly, entering its dark blue depths without a splash, and instantly disappeared, leaving a white frothy mark on the surface.



'Did you ever see anything better done?' said Yerk. 'Why he clipped into the water with the speed of light, as clean and clear as if he had been a marlinespike.'

'Thank Heaven!' gasped the captain, for if he had struck the water horizontally, or fallen headlong, he would have been shattered in pieces—every bone would have been broken—he would have been as completely smashed as if he had dropped upon one of the limestone rocks on the iron-bound shore.

'Ship, ahoy!' We were all breathlessly looking over the side where he fell, expecting to see him rise again; but the hail came from the water on t'other side. 'Ship, ahoy—throw me a rope, good people—a rope, if you please. Do you mean to careen the ship, that you have all run to the starboard side, leaving me to be drowned to port' here?'

'Ah Tailtackle! well done, old boy,' sung out a volley of voices, men and officers, rejoiced to see the honest fellow alive. He clambered on board, in the light of one of twenty ropes that were hove to him.

When he came on deck, the captain slyly said, 'I don't think you'll go a birdnesting in a hurry again, Tailtackle.'

Tim looked with a most quizzical expression at his captain, all blue and breathless and dripping as he was; and then sticking his tongue slightly in his cheek, he turned away, without addressing him directly, but murmuring as he went, 'A glass of grog now.'

The captain, with whom he was a favorite, took the hint. 'Go below row, and turn in till eight bells, Tailtackle. Mafame,' to his steward, 'send him a glass of hot brandy grog.'

'A northwester,' whispered Tim aside to the functionary; 'half and half, tallow chops—eh!'

About an hour after this, a very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favorite of mine, from his modest, quiet deportment, as well as of all the gunroom-officers, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows by the cable, to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the forecastle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighborhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harm's way, until a little wicked urchin, who used to wait on the warrant-officers' mess, a small meddling snipe of a creature, who got flogged in well behaved weeks *only* once, began to taunt my little mild favorite.

'Why, you chicken-heart, I'll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you are in the water, can't for the life of you swim out to the buoy there.'

'Never you mind, Pepperbottom,' said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. 'Never you mind. I am not ashamed to show my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders in these seas to go overboard, unless with a sail underfoot; so I sha'n't run the risk of being tattooed by the boatswain's mate, like some one I could tell of.'

'Coward,' muttered the little wasp, 'you are afraid, sir;' and the other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned, and pulled towards the ship again, when he caught my eye.



'Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship? Come in, boy; come in.'

My hailing the little fellow shoved him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which he, if anything, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant, the lad on the spritsail-yard, sung out quick and suddenly, 'A shark, a shark!'

And the monster, like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up perpendicularly from out the dark green depths of the sleeping pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

'Pull for the cable, Louis,' shouted fifty voices at once—'pull for the cable.'

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable—grasped it with both hands, and hung on, but before he could swing himself out of the water, the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting yell, which was shattered amongst the impending rocks into piercing echoes, and these again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint shrieks of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two—the ravenous tyrant of the sea tug, tugging at him, till the stiff, taught cable shook again. At length he was torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continuing on the surface crunching his prey with his teeth, and digging at him with his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water flash up in foam over the boats in pursuit, by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad only cried once more—but such a cry—oh God, I never shall forget it!—and, could it be possible, in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his young voice seemed to pronounce my name—at least so I thought at the time, and others thought so too. The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside, when the accident happened, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood, mottled with white specks of fat and marrow in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm, boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh, however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he nipped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws.

Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in.—I thought I heard a small still stern voice thrill along my nerves, as if an echo of the beating of my heart had become articulate. 'Thomas, a fortnight ago, you impressed that poor boy, who *was*, and *now is not*, out of a Bristol ship.' Alas, conscience spoke no more than the truth.

Our instructions were to lie at St. Jago, until three British ships, then loading, were ready for sea, and then to convey them through the Cai-cos, or windward passage. As our stay was therefore likely to be ten days or a fortnight at the shortest, the boats were hoisted out, and we made our little arrangements and preparations for taking all the recreation in our power, and our worthy skipper, taught and stiff as he was at sea, always encouraged all kinds of fun and larking, both amongst the

men and the officers, on occasions like the present. Amongst his other pleasant qualities, he was a great boat-racer, constantly building and altering gigs, and pulling-boats, at his own expense, and matching the men against each other for small prizes. He had just finished what the old carpenter considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a curious affair this same masterpiece was. In the first place, it was forty-two feet long over all, and only three and a half feet beam—the planking was not much above an eighth of an inch in thickness, so that if one of the crew had slipped his foot off the stretcher, it must have gone through the bottom. There was a standing order that no man was to go into it with shoes on. She was to pull six oars, and her crew were the captains of the tops, the primeest seamen in the ship, and the steersman no less a character than the skipper himself.

Her name, for I love to be particular, was the Dragon-fly; she was painted out and in of a bright red, amounting to a flame color—oars red—the men wearing trowsers and shirts of red flannel, and red net night-caps—which common uniform the captain himself wore. I think I have said before, that he was a very handsome man, and when he had taken his seat, and the gigs, all fine men, were seated each with his oar held upright upon his knees ready to be dropped into the water at the same instant, the craft and her crew formed to my eye, as pretty a plaything for grown children as ever was seen. 'Give way, men,' the oars dipped as clean as so many knives, without a sparkle, the gallant fellows stretched out, and away shot the Dragon-fly, like an arrow, the green water foaming into white smoke at the bows, and hissing away in her wake.

She disappeared in a twinkling, round a reach of the canal where we were anchored, and we, the officers, for we must needs have our boat also, were making ready to be off, to have a shot at some beautiful cranes that, floating on their large pinions, slowly passed us with their long legs stuck straight out astern, and their longer necks gathered into their drops, when we heard a loud shouting in the direction where the captain's boat had vanished. Presently the Devil's Darning Needle, as the Scotch part of the crew loved to call the Dragon-fly stuck her long snout round the headland and came spinning along with a Spanish canoe manned by four negroes, and steered by an elderly gentleman, a sharp acute looking little man, in a gingham coat, in her wake, also pulling very fast; however, the Don seemed dead beat, and the captain was in great glee. By this time, both boats were alongside, and the old Spaniard, Don Ricardo Campana, addressed the captain, judging that he was one of the seamen. 'Is the captain on board?' said he in Spanish. The captain, who understood the language, but did not speak it, answered him in French, which Don Ricardo seemed to speak fluently. 'No, sir, the captain is not on board; but there is Mr. Yerk, the first lieutenant, at the gangway.' He had come for the letter-bag he said, and if we had any newspapers, and could spare them, it would be conferring a great favor on him.

He got his letters and newspapers handed down, and very civilly gave the captain a dollar, who touched his cap, tipped the money to the men, and winking slightly to old Yerk, and the rest of us, addressed himself to shove off. The old Don, drawing up his eyebrows a little, (I guess he rather saw who was who, for all his make-believe innocence,) bowed to the officers at the gangway, sat down, and, desiring his people to use their broad-bladed, clumsy-looking oars, or paddles, began to move awkwardly away. We, that is the gunroom-officers, all except the second

lieutenant, now had the watch, and the master, who got into our gig also, rowed by ourselves, and away we all went in a covey; the purser and doctor, and three of the middies forward, Thomas Cringle, gent., pulling the stroke-oar, with old Moses Yerk as coxswain;—and as the Dragon-flies were all red, so we were all sea-green, boat, oars, trowsers, shirts, and night-caps. We soon distanced the cumbrous-looking Don, and the strain was between the *Devil's Darning Needle* and our boat, the *Watersprite*, which was making capital play, for although we had not the bottom of the topmen, yet we had more blood, so to speak, and we had already beaten them, in their last gig, all to sticks. But Dragon-fly was a new boat, and now in the water for the first time.

We were both of us so intent on our own match, that we lost sight of the Spaniard altogether, and the captain and the first lieutenant were bobbing in the sternsheets of their respective gigs, like a couple of *souple Tams*, as intent on the game as if all our lives had depended on it, when in an instant the long black dirty prow of the canoe was thrust in between us, the old Don singing out, '*Deza mi lugar, paysanos, deza mi lugar, mis hijos.*'\* We kept away right and left, to look at the miracle;—and there lay the canoe, rumbling and splashing, with her crew wallowing about, and grinning and yelling like incarnate fiends, and as naked as the day they were born, and the old Don himself, so staid and sedate, and drawley as he was a minute before, now all alive, shouting, '*Tira diablitos, tira,*'† flourishing a small paddle, with which he steered, about his head like a wheel, and dancing and jumping about in his seat, as if his bottom had been a *haggis* with quicksilver in it.

'Zounds,' roared the skipper,—'why, topmen—why, gentlemen, give way for the honor of the ship—Gentlemen, stretch out—Men, pull like devils; twenty pounds if you beat him.'

We pulled, and they pulled, and the water roared, and the men strained their muscles and sinews to cracking; and all was splash, splash, and *whiz, whiz*, and *peech, peech*, about us, *but it would not do*—the canoe headed us like a shot, and in passing, the cool old Don again subsided into a calm, as suddenly as he had been roused from it, and, sitting once more, stiff as a poker, turned round and touched his *sombrero*, 'I will tell that you are coming, gentlemen.'

It was now the evening, near nightfall, and we had been so intent on beating our awkward-looking opponent, that we had none of us time to look at the splendid scene that burst upon our view, on rounding a precipitous rock, from the crevices of which, some magnificent trees shot up—their gnarled trunks and twisted branches overhanging the canal where we were pulling, and anticipating the fast-falling darkness that was creeping over the fair face of nature; and there we floated, in the deep shadow of the cliff and trees—Dragonflies and Watersprites, motionless and silent, and the boats floating so lightly that they scarcely seemed to touch the water, the men resting on their oars, and all of us wrapped with the magnificence of the scenery around us, beneath us, and above us.

The left or western bank of the narrow entrance to the harbor, from which we were now debouching, ran out in all its precipitousness and beauty, (with its dark evergreen bushes overshadowing the deep blue waters, and its gigantic trees shooting forth, high into the glowing western sky, their topmost branches gold-tipped in the flood of radiance shed by the

\* 'Leave me room, countrymen—leave me room, my children.'

† Equivalent to 'Pull, you devils, pull!'

rapidly sinking sun, while all below where we lay, was gray cold shade,) until it joined the northern shore, when it sloped away gradually towards the east; the higher parts of the town sparkling in the evening sun, on this dun ridge, like a golden tower on the back of an elephant, while the houses that were in the shade, covered the declivity, until it sank down to the water's edge. On the right hand the haven opened boldly out into a basin about four miles broad by seven long, in which the placid waters spread out beyond the shadow of the western bank, into one vast sheet of molten gold, with the canoe tearing along the shining surface, her side glancing in the sun, and her paddles flashing back his rays, and leaving a long train of living fire sparkling in her wake.—It was now about six o'clock in the evening; the sun had set to us, as we pulled along under the frowning brow of the cliff, where the birds were fast settling on their nightly perches, with small happy twitterings, and the lizards and numberless other chirping things began to send forth their evening hymn to the great Being who made them and us, and a solitary whitesailing owl would every now and then flit spectrellike from one green tuft, across the bald face of the cliff, to another, and the small divers around us were breaking up the black surface of the waters into little sparkling circles as they fished for their suppers. All was becoming brown and indistinct near us; but the level beams of the setting sun still lingered with a golden radiance upon the lovely city, and the shipping at anchor before it, making their sails, where loosed to dry, glance like leaves of gold, and their spars; and masts, and rigging, like wires of gold, and gilding their flags, which were waving majestically and slow from the peaks in the evening breeze; and the Moorish-looking steeples of the churches were yet sparkling in the glorious blaze, which was gradually deepening into gorgeous crimson, while the large pillars of the cathedral, then building on the highest part of the ridge, stood out like brazen monuments, softening even as we looked into a Stonehenge of amethysts. One half of every object, shipping, houses, trees, and hills, was gloriously illuminated; but even as we looked, the lower part of the town gradually sank into darkness, and faded from our sight—the deepening gloom cast by the high bank above us, like the dark shadow of a bad spirit, gradually crept on, and on, and extended farther and farther; the sailing water-fowl in long lines, no longer made the water flash up like flame; the russet mantle of eve was fast extending over the entire hemisphere; the glancing minarets, and the tallest trees, and the topgallant-yards and masts of the shipping, alone flashed back the dying effulgence of the glorious orb, which every moment grew fainter and fainter, and redder and redder, until it shaded into purple, and the loud deep bell of the convent of La Merced swung over the still waters, announcing the arrival of even-song, and the departure of day.

‘Had we not better pull back to supper, sir?’ quoth Moses Yerk to the captain. We all started, the men dipped their oars, our dreams were dispelled, the charm was broken—‘Confound the matter-of-fact blockhead,’ or something very like it, grumbled the captain—‘but give way, men,’ fast followed, and we returned towards the ship. We had not pulled fifty yards, when we heard the distant rattle of the muskets of the sentries at the gangways, as they discharged them at sundown, and were remarking, as we were rowing leisurely along, upon the strange effect produced by the reports, as they were frittered away amongst the overhanging cliffs in chattering reverberations, when the captain suddenly sung out, ‘Oars!’ All hands lay on them. ‘Look there,’ he continued—‘There—between

the gigs—saw you ever anything like that, gentlemen?’ We all leant over; and although the boats, from the way they had, were skimming along nearer seven than five knots—there lay a large shark; he must have been twelve feet long at the shortest, swimming right in the middle, and equidistant from both, and keeping *way* with us most accurately.

He was distinctly visible, from the strong and vivid phosphorescence excited by his rapid motion through the sleeping waters of the dark creek, which lit up his jaws, and head, and whole body; his eyes were especially luminous, while a long wake of sparkles streamed away astern of him, from the lashing of his tail. As the boats lost their speed, the luminousness of his appearance faded gradually as he shortened sail also, until he disappeared altogether. He was then at rest, and suspended motionless in the water; and the only thing that indicated his proximity, was an occasional sparkle from the motion of a fin. We brought the boats nearer together, after pulling a stroke or two, but he seemed to sink as we closed, until at last we could merely distinguish an indistinct halo far down in the clear black profound. But as we separated, and resumed our original position, he again rose near the surface; and although the ripple and dip of the oars rendered him invisible while we were pulling, yet the moment we again rested on them, there was the monster, like a persecuting fiend, once more right between us, glaring on us, and apparently watching every motion. It was a terrible spectacle, and rendered still more striking by the melancholy occurrence of the forenoon.

‘That’s the very identical, damnable *baste* himself, as murdered poor little Louis this morning, yeer honor; I knows him from the torn flesh of him under his larboard blinker, sir—just where Wiggins’s boat-hook punished him,’ quoth the Irish captain of the mizzentop.

‘A water-kelpie,’ murmured another of the Captain’s gigs, a Scotchman.

The men were evidently alarmed. ‘Stretch out, men; never mind the shark. He can’t jump into the boat, surely,’ said the skipper. ‘What the deuce are you afraid of?’

We arrived within pistol-shot of the ship. As we approached, the sentry hailed, ‘Boat, ahoy!’

‘Firebrand,’ sung out the skipper, in reply.

‘Man the side—gangway lanterns there,’ quoth the officer on duty; and by the time we were close to, there were two sidemen over the side with the manropes ready stuck out to our grasp, and two boys with lanterns above them. We got on deck, the officers touching their hats, and speedily the captain dived down the ladder, saying, as he descended, ‘Mr. Yerk, I shall be happy to see you and your boat’s-crew at supper, or rather to a late dinner, at eight o’clock; but come down a moment as you are. Tail-tackle, bring the gigs into the cabin to get a glass of grog, will you?’

‘Aye, aye, sir,’ responded Timothy. ‘Down with you, you flaming thieves, and see you don’t snort and snuffle in your grog, as if you were in your own mess, like so many pigs slushing at the same trough.’

‘Lord love you, Tim,’ rejoined one of the topmen, ‘who made *you* master of the ceremonies, old Iron-fist, eh? Where learnt you your breeding? Among the cockatoos up yonder?’

Tim laughed, who, although he ought to have been in his bed, had taken his seat in the Dragon-fly when her crew were piped over the side in the evening, and thereby subjected himself to a rap over the knuckles from the captain; but where the offence might be said to consist in a too assiduous discharge of his duty, it was easily forgiven, unfortunate as the issue of the race had been. So down we all trundled into the cabin, masters and men

It was brilliantly lighted up—the table sparkling with crystal and wine, and glancing with silver plate; and there on a sofa lay Aaron Bang in all his pristine beauty, and fresh from his toilet, for he had just got out of his cot, after an eight-and-forty hours' sojourn therein—nice white neckcloth—white jean waistcoat and trowsers, and span-new blue coat. He was reading when we entered; and the captain, in his flame-colored costume, was close aboard of him before he raised his eyes, and rather staggered him a bit; but when seven sea-green spirits followed, he was exceedingly nonplussed, and then came the six red Dragon-flies, who ranged themselves three on each side of the door, with their net bags in their hands, smoothing down their hair, and sidling and fidgiting about at finding themselves so far out of their element as the cabin.

'Mafame,' said the captain, 'a glass of grog a-piece to the Dragon-flies'—and a tumbler of liquid amber, (to borrow from my old friend Cooper,) sparkled in the large bony claw of each of them. 'Now, drink Mr. Bang's health.' They, as in duty bound, let fly at our *amigo* in a volley.

'Your health, Mr. Bang.'

Aaron sprung from his seat, and made his salam, and the Dragon-flies bundled out of the cabin again.

'I say, N——, John Canoeing still—always some frolic in the wind.'

We, the Watersprites, had shifted and rigged, and were all mustered aft on the poop, enjoying the little air there was, as it fanned us gently, and waiting for the announcement of supper. It was a pitch-dark night, neither moon nor stars. The murky clouds seemed to have settled down on the mast-heads, shrouding every object in the thickest gloom.

'Ready with the gun forward there, Mr. Catwell?' said Yerk.

'All ready, sir.'

'Fire!'

Pent up as we were in a narrow channel, walled in on each side with towering precipitous rocks, the explosion, multiplied by the echoes into a whole broadside, was tremendous, and absolutely deafening.

The cold, grey, threatening rocks, and the large overhanging twisted branches of the trees, and the clear black water, and the white Moro in the distance, glanced for an instant, and then all was again veiled in outer darkness, and down came a rattling shower of sand and stones, from the cliffs, and of rotten branches, and heavy dew from the trees, sparkling in the water like a shower of diamonds; and the birds of the air screamed, and frightened from their nests and perches in crevices, and on the boughs of the trees, took flight with a strong rushing noise, that put one in mind of the rising of the fallen angels from the infernal council in Paradise Lost; and the cattle on the mountain side lowed, and the fish, large and small, like darts, and arrows of fire, sparkled up from the black abyss of waters, and swam in haloes of flame round the ship in every direction, as if they had been the ghosts of a shipwrecked crew, haunting the scene of their destruction; and the guanas and large lizards which had been shaken from the trees, skimmed and struggled on the surface, in glances of fire, like evil spirits watching to seize them as their prey. At length the screaming and shrieking of the birds, the clang of their wings, and the bellying of the cattle, ceased; and the startled fish subsided slowly down into the oozy caverns at the bottom of the sea, and becoming motionless, disappeared; and all was again black and undistinguishable, the deathlike silence being only broken by the hoarse murmuring of the distant surf.

'Magnificent!' burst from the captain. 'Messenger, send Mr. Portfire here.' The gunpowder functionary, he of the flannel cartilage, appeared.

'Gunner, send one of your mates into the maintop, and let him burn a blue light.'

The lurid glare blazed up balefully amongst the spars and rigging, lighting up the decks, and blasting the crew into the likeness of the host of Sennacherib, when the day broke on them, and they were all dead corpses. Astern of us, indistinct from the distance, the white Moro castle re-appeared, and rose frowning, tier above tier, like a Tower of Babel, with its summit veiled in the clouds, and the startled sea-fowl wheeling above the higher batteries, like snow-flakes blown about in a storm; while, near at hand, the rocks on each side of us looked as if fresh splintered asunder, with the sulphureous flames which had split them, still burning; the trees looked no longer green, but were sicklied o'er with a pale ashy color, as if sheeted ghosts were holding their midnight orgies amongst their branches—cranes, and water-fowl, and birds of many kinds, and all the insect and reptile tribes, their gaudy noon-tide colors merged into one and the same fearful deathlike sameness, flitted and sailed and circled above us, and chattered, and screamed, and shrieked; and the unearthly-looking guanas, and numberless creeping things, ran out on the boughs to peer at us, and a large snake twined itself up a scathed stump that shot out from a shattered pinnacle of rock that overhung us, with its glossy skin, glancing like the brazen serpent set up by Moses in the camp of the Israelites; and the cattle on the beetling summit of the cliff, craned over the precipitous ledge to look down upon us, and while everything around us, and above us, was thus glancing in the blue and ghastly radiance, the band struck up a low moaning air; the light burnt out, and once more we were cast, by the contrast, into even more palpable darkness than before. I was entranced, and stood with folded arms, looking forth into the night, and musing intently on the appalling scene which had just vanished like a feverish dream—'Dinner waits, sir,' quoth Mafame.

'Oh! I am coming,' and kicking all my romance to Old Nick, I descended, and we had a pleasant night of it, and some wine and some fun, and there an end—but I have often dreamed of that dark pool, and the scenes I witnessed there that day and night.—Now, devil take you, old Kit North, this is not ending abruptly, is it?

'*Wheesht*,' said Conshy; 'go to yeer bed now, Tam—ye're fou, man.'

'Oh! Buenos Noches.'

### LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

Into it, Knight, thou must not look.—SCOTT.

I passed my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear deeply regretted place; Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed-rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.



In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give a sample of a day.—We rose at seven (it was July), and wandered amongst moss-roses, velvet lawns, and sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast-table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat, just large enough to hold two, and hidden round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. *Sans doute*, I was a little overrated. My riddles were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then followed our 'equestrian exercises.' Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand, for fear she should tumble off. Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhyme or on canvass. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of a simile. Of course we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been excepting Barbara. 'Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the General!' Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different



thing to be guide to her good young friend the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought the lights, and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was nothing now hoydenish in her behavior, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid was festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her to let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was always of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use my tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not why, become more serious. She supposed it was because she was growing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fine, she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master of the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been in a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society had been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated myself with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, and I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpone my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, I was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a sad madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? Besides, there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a declared lover has no idea of, so I determined to observe, and act with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchanges of kindness increased. Amongst other things, Lady Betty signalized me by a purse and pencil-case, and in return was troubled with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in which I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thoughts. It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing on earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She received it in both

her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promised faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it; casting up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what might be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting-place, from which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another headlong! Of my own case I have particular reason to complain, for I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating existence, by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like the simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leaving our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drove four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerously dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, and his manner had a *je ne sais quoi* of languid impertinence which was a great deal too overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant whose incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connexion of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his fore-finger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my common-place appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara were a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks; and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that, before the day was over, she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time, the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S—. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her, and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to

the mercy of Lord S——, to whom walking was a low-lived amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S—— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given, was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing caudle and flannel petticoats for the workhouse. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment.—My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer: she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was poetry.

A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently enriched with a sonnet on each side, which I had the vanity to think were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book. I raised my eyes, and, lo! in the bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's caligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated, prettily, the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M——. I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

'REASON THE FIRST.—A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former makes ample amends.'

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

'REASON THE SECOND. Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of laboring for that end.'

Conceited and ill-favored! My head began to swim.

'REASON THE THIRD.—I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives—Heigh-ho!'

Furies!

'REASON THE FOURTH.—I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be really love, but, as pity is next a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken.'

Pity!

'REASON THE FIFTH.—I pity him because it is necessary that I should place him on the shelf during Lord S——'s visit for fear S—— should be discouraged by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have so long been expecting.'

Place me upon the shelf!!

'REASON THE SIXTH.—I pity him, because, if S—— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M—— to the mortification of a dismissal.'

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'REASON THE SEVENTH.—I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging in quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome.'

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'REASON THE EIGHTH.—I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S—— laughs at him.'

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'REASON THE NINTH.—I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S—— will tell every body that it is only because I could not obtain the barouche and four—Heigh—heigh—ho!'

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'REASON THE TENTH.—I pity him because he has so kindly consented to meet me in my return from the charity school, without once suspecting that I go to give S—— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—Ah well-a-day!'

And ah, well-a-day !!!!!!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man henceforth endeavor to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or shoot myself? Or would it be best to take horses after the barouche, and shoot Lord S——? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate, when I was wavering between the gallows and 'a grave where four roads meet,' Lady Barbara came dancing in to request my assistance upon a drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple, gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it! She now should be the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn. 'She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say.' She paused

for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy—'Why,' I exclaimed, 'why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession.' Barbara regained her courage. 'Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!'

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion, I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or to cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return to the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S—— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health, she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity-school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honor of manhood, I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however, humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behavior was very naturally sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'There was no standing this.—'I go,' said I, 'I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my presence becomes troublesome—I will not oblige you to put me on the shelf.—I will not be too encroaching upon your temperate regard—Heigh—heigh—ho!' With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its

inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanors, and found the total, even *before* the end of the year, so full of shame and repentance, that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless and not all uncommon; and I vow, that had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done any thing to ensure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

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LA BELLA TABACCAIA.

LEIGH HUNT.

I wish this tale had more of the romantic, or was more akin to the every day occurrences of domestic life. As it is, it may chance to please nobody. There are none of these wonderful incidents, which, without the aid of genii and fairies, prove that the tighter we stretch the chord of possibility, the more it vibrates to our extraordinary hopes and fears. Nor has it any thing like a misdirected letter, creating a volume of dilemmas, and then lost, and then getting, in worse hands, worse and worse interpreted: or a lady not at home on that unfortunate Monday, when affairs might have been set on a right footing; or the seeing of a loyal servant-maid, quite by mistake, with a bad sovereign; or the doubts, deliberations, and delays of lawyers over a plain, straightforward last will and testament; or an amorous gentleman blundering on the aunt's name for the niece's; or a husband seeing his wife embrace a long-lost brother, and calling to Thomas for pistols for three; alas! I can offer nothing of this interesting nature. It is merely one of those tales, the best parts of which, for the honor



of human nature, ought to happen oftener ; and perhaps they may be in fashion when men and women grow a great deal wiser. The utmost I can say in its praise is, that it is as true as affidavits and a court of justice can make it. By the by, being somewhat allied to the favorite Newgate Calendar, it strikes me it may be twisted, with considerable additions, into a tolerable melo-drama, and that is no mean recommendation. Let Drury and Covent-Garden look to it. They can get it crammed full of 'good sentiments,' so palpable, a child may pen them down. And if at a loss for a title, to prepare the audience for a stronger dose than usual, why not call it 'The Queen of Hearts?' Besides, they can introduce an Italian vineyard, the best that can be had in London.

Nina was an orphan; and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt, who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The stock in trade, a little ready money; and two houses in the suburbs of Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious admirers objected to the largeness of her eyes—but they could not have remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful jet lashes which shaded them. She was called *La Bella Tabaccaia*. The students of the University, as they returned from lecture, always peeped in the shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter; and, if she was, nine out of ten walked in and asked for segars. There they lighted them one after the other at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile for invention, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lung'arno with a much gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighborhood thought it a pity she could encourage such idle talk; and the aunt constantly advised her to go into the inner room, whenever those wild young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity, the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by saying, 'La! aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment: for my mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only dangerous ones.' And the mother's authority never failed in silencing the aunt.

Late one evening, a student entered while Nina was alone in the shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter, took up a knife that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it, but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The poor girl, never having witnessed any thing like despair, imagined he was intoxicated; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not



immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying, quietly and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom, when some passengers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbors from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further question, they placed him in the hands of the *Sbirri*, who led him directly to the police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign a paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner's confession; and ended with—'Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow,' alluding to the color which those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labor for life. It was not till these words were uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when starting as she heard them, she looked pitiously in the officer's face, and said, 'I hope not, sir; he has not robbed me—not hurt me—not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I—I am sorry I came here—indeed I am!' She was told he was now in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. 'Do, do give me that paper,' she continued; 'let nothing more happen; if I can pardon him, why cannot you?' At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. 'O God!' she cried, 'how unhappy does this make me! I know, sir, I am, as you say, a child, but can you make a child so miserable?' The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstasies at so providential an escape from a robber and a murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, 'and pity, like a naked new-born babe,' lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gaiety of this young creature gone forever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow being into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learned to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship: nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sun-

rise the old lady was surprised at being wakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the police. This created a long discussion. 'Well, well,' said the niece, 'I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend, now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!' This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands,—they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning she at the same time, without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world, for her friend.

At a very early hour the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labor. When Nina arrived at the corner of the *Borgo*, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt's arm, remained motionless while they slowly passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained together in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow; the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. 'I never thought,' said she, 'these men were so wretched!' 'Santa Maria!' exclaimed the aunt, 'and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good Christians like ourselves? You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand.' In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any saint in the calendar. And as they sympathised in her distress—for how could they help it?—their compassion was startled into something favorable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student—poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the professors for his application at the University, and endeared to his companions by his never-failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favorite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some attempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a

resemblance to that doleful tragedy, *George Barnwell*. Italians, to their praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be purchased by costly presents—they know better; yet when guilty of such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money from his father, and lavished it on his *Milwood*, she began to put on her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a penniless suitor. Why he attacked *Nina* seemed inexplicable. Had *Pisa* no respected Signor, with a heartful of self-complacency as his pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent, defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true woman-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of Scotch metaphysicians—they can settle every thing. My business is with facts. When *Nina* heard the story, she pitied him more than ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among the cruelly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in her favor. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility. There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either sex are formed solely by the first impulses of love. Any of the passions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of body, will have the same effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul of *Nina* was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on; *Gaetano's* father hastened to *Pisa*, busy with his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. Insanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing. When pronounced guilty, the father returned to *Pistoia*, thanking Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir—a boy whom hitherto he had scarcely noticed, and who was at that time educating for the Church. *Nina* did better; she privately went to the houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or whether there appeared to be more of passion than depravity in the prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected—three years' hard labor.

When *Gaetano* appeared among the other convicts, every body ran to *Nina* and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it is probable she never would have recognised him. He passed before

her door with that dull eye which those who have any shame instinctively acquire, seeing, as it were, every thing and nothing at the same time. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns, but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see, a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for his crime in toil and in chains, must, after awhile, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city where he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected—(and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition)—there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of *La Bella Tabaccaia*; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumors. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination—among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Gaetano, from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back;—yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly to her; carefully avoiding to hint at his discovery, and offering his services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Gaetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied, nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest government could suggest;

and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She, too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the *Ponte a Mare*, and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches. The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the *Ave Maria* she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give loose to a wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains for them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter—there was none—it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. 'Yes,' he shall be obeyed!' he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. 'Besides,' he continued, 'your father is ill and weak—bed-ridden for these five months—in great pain,—and, it is thought, his disease is incurable.' 'Then,' replied Gaetano, 'I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me—I know he will; and then since he commands it, I will fly my country!' He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When the news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act of despair, worse than before—suicide perhaps—and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses forward. 'Have I not done wrong?' she asked herself, 'for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across the mountains. This silly coach—how it loiters! My own feet were better!' At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that tedious part of the road, where the eye sees, in a straight line, and on a flat, full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her

sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor's habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out—'Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, Queen of Heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his father's arms receive him, and I will return—happy—and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!' Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learnt that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a sharp thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father's door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visitor; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned, and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. 'Then do your duty,' said Gaetano, 'and shut me out,'—and as he spoke he retired one step backward,—'but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him forever.' No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued by his own sufferings—I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbor's was sent with food, and as she said 'Dear Signor, eat! eat!' Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit: his brother, the now favored son, stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall, the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father: he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed, 'Peace! peace! irreverent old man!' and they heard him no more.

Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heartsick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano, with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed to him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven, and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. 'Forgive you!' he replied, 'I forgive all—all—even my father! every one but myself!' And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst—that he was either dead or dying—and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprung forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in hers. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon unmarried women in Italy, she alone attended him. 'Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.' The brother often visited him, but secretly, and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting he was unhappy. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to be unhappy again. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks more beautifully than ever they had blushed before. Yet they never talked of loving each other—it was a waste of words—neither of them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married—why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt, and all the stock in trade, were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated into the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters, delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his *genitore* had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the horrors of his faith; and, therefore, the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive him as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him or leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the brother offered to divide the property, and upon his repeated entreaties, Gaetano did receive a part. 'I cannot take half,' said he, 'because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am.'

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an *Illustrissimo* becoming a shopkeeper, and



of a respectable girl marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be 'itself alone,' not the offspring of any other passion; and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love: with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply,—I only refer such dogmatizers to the principal snuff-shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, 'especially at the mother's breast;'—mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

### A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

The wind is high on Helle's wave,  
As on that night of stormy water,  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos daughter.

*Bride of Abydos.*

'She will come at last: I am sure she will come, though all the bolts and bars in Brittany should intervene to keep us asunder. On such a night—the last I shall pass in France for many, many months—she cannot, will not, disappoint me. O Renée, dear and long-loved, Heaven speed the ship that brings me back to bear you away from this shore for ever!'

The soliloquist, a young Englishman, was pacing impatiently to and fro under the shadow of a high wall which surrounded an extensive garden in the environs of St. Servan. He was closely muffled in a boat-cloak; but the outline of a manly and symmetrical figure was distinguishable: and the glance which he ever and anon directed to a small casement in a summer-house that commanded a view of the spot he was traversing, expressed the independence and fire of a lofty character. The last gleam of day yet lingered in the west; but towards the zenith the stars sparkled in multitudes. A thousand lamps glimmered among the dusky roofs of St. Malo, which, in that dim twilight, resembled a mighty mural pyramid piled up on the bosom of the sea. The monotonous lashing of the billows on the seaward ramparts smote mournfully on the ear; but blended with their incessant roar were many cheerier sounds. The shouts and laughter of the groups of merry boatmen, who beset the Dinantgate, swept over the still waters of the inner basin; the watch-dog's faithful bark came encouragingly from many a distant orchard and tobacco field: and the faint tinkling of a guitar floated at intervals on the breeze. But the young Englishman lingered not there to watch for star or lamp, nor to listen for watch-dog's bay or guitar's tinkle. A pair of bright eyes, looking down from the

casement of the summer-house; a sweet voice murmuring 'Edward,' was the only sight or sound that his soul desired. He was to depart on the morrow for his native land. His absence from France, the country of his beloved, must, he knew, necessarily be protracted; and his heart bled to think that he had no alternative but to leave his beautiful Renée behind him, exposed to the homage of his many rivals, and the machinations of a cross old duenna, who very cordially hated England and all its inhabitants.

Renée Duchastel, the object of his regard, had pledged herself to grant him a brief interview on this evening. Actuated by the fervor of his feelings, which were not easily subdued at any time, he had repaired to the place of meeting long before the appointed hour, and had consequently sufficient leisure to practice the art of self-tormenting. He was meditating the hazardous enterprise of vaulting over the wall into the garden, when a slight noise in the summer-house occasioned him to pause; and, shortly after, the casement was cautiously unclosed. The starlight enabled the keen glance of the impatient lover to recognise the face of his mistress, though half concealed by the thick veil in which prudence had induced her to envelope it; and he pressed his hand on his heart with a rapturous gesture. Words of passionate endearment flowed like a torrent from his lips; and it is hard to say when the fountain of tenderness would have been exhausted, had not the melodious voice of his lady-love entreated him to subdue his transports, unless he wished her instantly to fly his presence.

'I will, I will, Renée,' he exclaimed: 'Yet how is it possible for a heart burning with love like mine to reduce its expressions to the cold standard of maidenly propriety? I have been loitering here a full hour, conjuring up for my torment a host of images sufficient to drive any man, save a Dutchman, to distraction. Even now though I hear your sweet voice, and see about a fifth part of one of your eye-brows, I hardly feel secure of your presence. What, in the name of every thing adverse to a devoted lover, detained you, gentlest?'

'A barrier that threatens to separate me for ever from Edward,' replied Renée,—'the watchfulness of my suspicious old aunt. But for her lynx eyes, I had kept my engagement to the moment. Just at sunset when I was thinking of you and the summer-house, she bethought herself of a long prosing tale about the dungeons of Mont St. Michel; and scarcely was it finished, when in dropped M. Caignon with his guitar.'

'Death to the trisler!' exclaimed the Englishman; 'was it his crotchets and quavers that robbed me so long of your sweet society? But let me not vilify an absent man—though I do wonder how smiles like thine should ever fall to the share of such a lover.'

'Is it not much more surprising, Edward,' said Renée, 'that I should bring myself to bestow a smile, and something more than a smile, on a strange Englishman, whom I have known only a few weeks? M. Caignon is not the trisler you represent him. He plays and sings to admiration, has the gift of ventriloquism to a wonderful degree, and, besides, has served in Spain.'

'From which I assisted to drive him and his compatriots,' said the Englishman; 'but I shall turn Gasconader, like himself, Renée, if you extend your enumeration of his accomplishments. I admit that Caignon is well enough in his way, but certainly not a man worthy of one kind glance from those beautiful eyes.'

'You are jealous, Edward, and without cause,' said Renée. 'I neither care for M. Caignon nor his guitar.'

'But your aunt may wish you to look kindly on him?' said Edward. 'And when I am gone, who can promise that you will not forget me?'

'Forget you for the sake of M. Caignon!' said Renée. 'Keep your mind quite easy on that point; for my aunt entertains no such friendly intentions toward him as you seem to apprehend. It is that old cross tempered vision of dry bones, Duchesnois, who has her entire approbation.'

'The scarecrow!' exclaimed the Englishman. 'If I had him but for five seconds in my grasp, I would squeeze him into a mummy, to which, as it is, he bears no distant resemblance. But what of him, Renée? Surely he cannot have the unpardonable audacity to aspire to the hand of my fair girl.'

'You have guessed it,' said Renée; and my worldly minded aunt, who worships him for his riches, abets his suit with all her influence. In two months, according to her decision, I must choose between him and a novice's cell in the convent of Saint Anne. Now which alternative would you recommend?'

'Unfortunate that I am,' said the Englishman. 'how can I decide? I dare not encourage you to calculate on my return for many months; and whether you choose the gloom of a convent or the arms of a dotard, you are equally lost to me.'

'No very serious loss Edward,' whispered Renée.'

'An unkind insinuation at such a moment,' said Edward. 'Do not trifle with me, dear one! Inform me in pity, what answer you returned to this barbarous proposition.'

'That I would commence my noviciate to-morrow, if such were her pleasure.'

'O Renée!' said the youth, 'and must our sincere and ardent attachment be thus extinguished? Am I to be cast a wanderer on the world, banished forever from the presence of my soul's chosen? Must that fair face fade, that warm heart turn prematurely cold, within the cheerless wall of a convent? Early death to both were a kinder destiny.'

'Hear all I have to say, Edward,' said Renée, 'before you give yourself up to despair. You have sworn a thousand times that you love me, and I—believe it. Go to your own country,—to your father's home; tell him that a young girl of Bretagne, not very rich, but of a noble ancestry, holds your heart in pledge, and entreat him to agree to our union. When you have obtained his consent return with all speed, in some brave English barque, to San Malo. Anchor far off in the bay; and when the mantle of night falls on the shore, steer your small boat into the Rance, and land under the steep cliffs near the gardens of the convent of Saint Anne. At the extremity of those gardens, there is, as you well know, for I have pointed it out to you from the river, a hollow tree, which I discovered when a boarder in the convent. You are brave, and have agility sufficient to enable you to clamber up the rock, and leap the garden wall. Have a letter previously prepared, suggesting some mode of escape, and deposit it in the hollow tree. Trust to my finding it within twelve hours after you have placed it there, and also to my strictly adhering to any instructions it may obtain. I shall visit the tree every day during your absence; and when you come at last, neither wall nor rock shall intimidate me. Your boat will quickly bear us beyond the batteries of San Malo; and once on board your gallant

ship, I shall bid my cross aunt, old Duchesnois, and even dear Bretagne itself, farewell with a joyful heart. England and Edward shall then be all the world to me. 'But'—and her voice faltered—'if you return not, Edward, before the leaves of next spring are sear on the hollow linden, return no more. I shall then be a nun, or in my grave.'

'If Heaven grants me life,' said the Englishman vehemently, 'I will return long, long before that period. It is a romantic project, my Renée; but fortune leaves us none more feasible. In the convent, you will, in the interim, be exempted from the persecution of Duchesnois; and mine be the care to rescue you from a living death within its walls. Often, often, when far away, rocked on the salt sea, or lingering perforce in merry England, shall I think of the linden tree, and the grate of Sainte Anne!'

'And of the chapel at the vesper hour, Edward,' said the simple girl; 'and the beautiful shrines, with their many tapers burning lonely and silently; and the choral hymn and solemn responses, that rise night and morning from behind the dark bars that interpose between a nun and the world, forever.'

'Of all, of all,' said the Englishman. 'They shall constantly be present to my mind. At matin and at vesper hour, my heart shall be inseparably with Renée.'

'And now,' said Renée, 'since we fully understand each other, I must hasten back to my chamber without delay. To tarry longer with you would only risk discovery of our plans, and perchance lead to a perpetual separation. Hark! I am sure I hear my name shouted by some one in the garden. It is that prying minion, Jeanette; I must fly. Adieu, friend of my heart! Remember Renée!'

'One kiss of that white hand,' said the lover, 'and then I vanish.' He waited not for permission, but made a sudden spring, and caught hold of the frame of the window. Renée was startled, but not displeased, and not only granted the boon he desired, but a still more indubitable token of affection. A shrill voice, at the very door of the summer-house, calling on Mademoiselle Renée, warned him not to linger, however great might be the temptation; and he dropped down from the window as suddenly as he had vaulted up to it. Ere he had time to recover himself, the casement closed, and Renée had vanished.

Time rolled on. The leaves on the hollow linden-tree opened under the genial influence of spring; lived through a long parching summer, and, in the first days of autumn, began to turn sear and die. All was bustle and triumph in the convent of Sainte Anne, for a novice of great beauty and rank was about to dedicate herself to the special service of Heaven, at its altar. No news could have been more interesting to the inhabitants of St. Servan—no ceremony cause a greater exultation among the antiquated sisterhood, who one and all derived a malicious, perhaps it ought in charity to be called a holy gratification, from witnessing an addition to their number. Old Baron Dugas, who had eaten horse-flesh in Russia, in the absence of better fare, along with the 'Emperor,' and who regularly displayed his star of the Legion of Honor and Cross of St. Lazare once a day in the Grand Place, had his faded uniform brushed up for the occasion. Monsieur Le Brun, the wine-merchant sent to St. Heliers for a new bonnet for his English lady, in order that she might appear as gay as her more recently expatriated countrywomen, and Madame Le Roi, who lets *chambres garnies* during her

husband's absence at the Newfoundland cod-fishing, was full twenty-four hours in arranging her coif. Multitudes poured in from the adjacent country: some from Dinar, on the opposite bank of the Rance; some from Cangale, of oyster-gorging celebrity; some from St. Suliac, St. Jouan, and St. Pierre; and some even from Dol and Chateauneuf, with the venerable marquis at their head. The English, heretics though they were, did not escape the infection. Madame Banko, with a galaxy of beauty in her wake, swept down like a bird of paradise from the princely chateau of Versailles: some scores of captains, naval and military, followed, each with a wife, and some with a couple of daughters tucked to their skirts. Even honest Pat Heatly himself was routed out of his den in the college, where, being but a 'boy' of fifty, he had voluntarily incarcerated himself for the purpose of completing his education. It was a fête-day, in short, at St. Servan; and the whole population, natives and foreigners, were equally on the alert to partake of the amusement which the immolation of a beautiful girl at the shrine of bigotry was expected to afford.

All hearts however are not equally selfish and cold. There were individuals, who, notwithstanding their respect for an intolerant creed, did not scruple to lament that one so young, and so eminently formed to shed joy around her, should be destined to pine her life away in conventual solitude. Some even went so far as to aver, that she would not approach the altar a willing victim—that her heart was sad even unto death at the prospect before her,—and that at vespers, her low and plaintive voice echoed through the dim aisles like the song of a prisoned bird. Whether such were really the case the austere sisterhood best could tell; but though they might suspect that she bewailed her destiny, they could not comprehend the extent of her grief. They knew not, that, early and late, she had visited the hollow linden-tree—that she had watched with humid eyes the leaves on it unfold and perish; but had watched in vain for the return of her English lover. She thought him cruel-hearted—faithless: and, with the gloomy resignation of despair, prepared to take the vows that were to rend asunder every link that bound her to the world.

But on the day preceding that which had been appointed for her profession, a wonderful change took place in her deportment. Some friends who attended in the chapel at vespers, affirmed, that they could distinguish her voice in the choir behind the grate, much fuller and sweeter than they had ever heard it before; and this of course was sagaciously attributed to inspiration, and a foretaste of that solemn and uncloying happiness, which the priests described as awaiting her in her sanctified vocation. Even the cunning sisterhood, albeit deeply experienced in the art of fathoming the depths of unsophisticated hearts, knew not how to account otherwise for so miraculous a change. Little did they dream that the novice, instead of contemplating with holy serenity and joy the approaching ceremony, was actually meditating flight with her English lover, and perpetual exile from her native country. On that morning she had paid what she had intended should be her last visit to the hollow linden-tree. She went to it with a faltering pace and desponding heart, for the idea of Edward's inconstancy and cruel desertion filled her fond breast with unutterable grief; but she returned to her cell with a bounding step, and joyously-panting bosom; for, in the cavity which she had so often searched in vain, she had found the long-expected letter from her truant knight. Her Edward—and tears

filled her beautiful eyes while she read his fond epistle—was as devoted and faithful as woman could desire. Insuperable obstacles had occurred to prevent him from returning sufficiently soon to redeem his promise,—and bitterly had he bewailed them: but he had arrived at last with a stout vessel in the offing; and, provided she were still contented to share his fortunes, would be at the linden-tree at midnight to bear her away.

Renée laid the blessed letter close to her beating heart,—that pure heart whose every beat was love. Never had the hours appeared so leaden-winged as on this eventful day. She thought the lazy sun was miraculously arrested in his course, and that he would never sink beyond the bluff precipices of Cape Frehal. Her little head was half crazed by the many plans successively invented and rejected, as to the manner in which she was to elude the vigilance of the sisterhood, and effect her liberation; for a huge door intervened between the cloister and the gardens, which was regularly locked at vespers, and the key as regularly consigned to the custody of the lady abbess. Renée was a favorite with the old lady, and frequently remained in her apartment, for the purpose of talking and reading her asleep, long after the less favored sisterhood had retired to repose. On this evening, she prayed with fervency that her services might not be dispensed with; and fortune for once proved propitious. The abbess was more than usually garrulous,—talked over the levities in which she had indulged when a *belle* at the court of Marie Antoinette, with more pleasure than repentance,—sipped an extra *demi tasse* of undiluted *eau-de-vie*, and then dropped into a lethargic doze. Renée felt the crisis of her fate had arrived, for the important key was now completely at her discretion. She took possession of it the moment the old dame began to sound her nazel trumpet; and, without lamp or taper, stole noiselessly from the room, along the dark passages that led to the oaken barrier. The lock of the door was obdurate; but love lent unusual strength to her delicate fingers, and the key at length revolved in the wards. To prevent immediate pursuit, in case her flight should be discovered before she had time to descend the cliffs, she relocked the door on the outside, and then darted like a newly-liberated dove towards the hollow linden-tree. As she approached it, a dark figure reared itself on the other side of the garden wall, which was built on the verge of a lofty cliff overhanging the Rance. ‘Edward!’—‘Renée!’—were the only words that passed between them, ere the arms of her wandering lover were twined around her.

Alas, that such a tale should end in tears! They held but short colloquy in the garden, for every moment was pregnant with danger, as lights were already blazing in every window of the convent. Edward assisted her to scale the garden-wall, and supported her, not without eminent peril to both, down the precipitous steep, to the brink of the river. The wind blew fiercely from the south; the thunder rattled in interminable peals directly overhead; and the Rance, hurrying to the sea with the rapidity of a torrent, sent forth an ominous moan. Renée shuddered at the fury of the wind and the irresistible gush of the water. She knew that they must venture in a frail boat far into the open bay, and her womanly heart foreboded disaster; but she dared not, wished not, to falter in her progress. The Englishman, though seriously apprehensive himself, endeavored to reassure her, and in some measure succeeded. Two stout British sailors manned the boat, and a dear friend and countryman, who had been his companion in many an enterprise of danger,

sat at the helm. Edward lost no time in lifting the shivering girl into the boat; and the rowers instantly stretched to their duty.

Though the wind blew tempestuously, there was neither foam-bell nor billow on the Rance. The stream shot down like an arrow; and no sooner were they fairly exposed to its strength, than they were borne along with frightful velocity. Edward knew that rocks were scattered in their course, and he whispered to the steersman to hold nearer to the western bank, while, at the same time, he endeavored to keep a sharp look-out ahead; but the helm was powerless in such a current; and no human glance could penetrate the murky chaos into which they were darting. In the mouth of the harbor of St. Servan, there lies a low rock, round which the outsetting tide sweeps with terrific violence. On that rock the unfortunate boat was dashed. The sentinel who on that night kept watch at the arsenal, heard one loud, long shriek, rise from the bosom of the river, and mingle with the blast. He looked steadfastly over the swelling waters, and beheld by the lightning's gleam, human faces lifted for an instant above the flood. He listened and looked again; but heard only the sullen gush of the river, as it rolled on in blackness, and saw only the ragged rocks that shoot up through its bosom.

At an early hour on the following morning, the chapel of Sainte Anne was crowded with hundreds of spectators, anxious to witness the profession of the young novice. Many a fair face was turned up in prayer at the minor shrines: many a young Breton endeavored to penetrate with his keen glance, the sanctuary that lay beyond the grand altar. The chapel was fitted up with unusual splendor. Relics of miraculous virtue covered every shrine: massive crucifixes of silver were ostentatiously displayed; and innumerable perfumed tapers, and censers filled with incense, sent up a rich odor to heaven. For a time, the multitude remained in silent expectation. Several of the attendant priests, in gorgeous sacerdotal robes, knelt before the grand altar, momentarily crossing themselves with devout gesticulations. At length, a priest entered from the nunnery, and held some conversation, in an under tone, with his brethren. While he spoke, a general stare of surprise and dismay was visible on the countenances of all who heard him. They crossed themselves more frequently than ever, and piteously turned up their eyes in consternation and wonder. The congregation were impatient to obtain a solution of this mummary: but an habitual reverence for the place and the performers restrained any indecorous expressions. At length, the most venerable of the holy fraternity advanced, and, in a voice of trepidation, stated, that a mysterious circumstance had occurred to postpone, if not altogether to prevent, the ceremony which his hearers had congregated to witness. The novice had been spirited away during the night: whether by the agents of heaven or hell he could not take upon himself to decide; but he sincerely trusted, for her own sake, and the honor of Sainte Anne, that she had been esteemed worthy of the special interposition of Heaven, as there was good reason to conclude that her sojourn on earth had terminated. Her veil, and part of her drapery had been discovered adhering to the thorns and brambles that vegetated in the crevices of the precipice at the extremity of the garden; and various other circumstances conspired to strengthen the supposition, that she had found a grave in the Rance. The congregation listened in mute amazement, to the priestly harangue;



crossed themselves sympathetically with the speaker; and then hurried out of the chapel, in order to give unrestrained vent to the conjectures and regrets which such an extraordinary incident was calculated to awaken.

The fate of Renée Duchastel remained a mystery to the inhabitants of St. Servan for ten days. At the expiration of that period, the waters of the Rance gave up their victim. Her corpse was washed ashore on the western bank of the river, near the little village of Dinar; and, on being identified, was carried, under the superintendence of the priests, to the convent of Sainte Anne. Some ungenerous doubts were promulgated respecting the mode in which she had met her death; but the sisterhood, alarmed for the credit of their establishment, declared that she had, on many occasions, manifested a tendency to somnambulism; and every sincere Christian, therefore, was bound to believe that she had wandered into the garden in her sleep, and from thence inadvertently stepped over the cliff into the river. A swarm of priests supported this asseveration with all their influence, strenuously averring, that she had died in the odor of sanctity; and, as no person who trembled at the idea of excommunication dared to gainsay them, her remains, after having received all the purification that religious ceremonials could effect, were interred in the adjacent cemetery, where a black cross still marks her grave. But of her English lover no trace was ever discovered. Man knows not where his limbs decayed: whether they gorged the monsters of the deep, in caverns covered eternally by the wave; or were stripped by birds of prey, in some solitary bay of that tide-worn coast. He who narrates their tale of love and death was a friend and confederate of Edward; the companion who, on that eventful night, acted as steersman of the ill-fated bark in which they perished, and the only one of all on board who escaped the grasp of death. The boat was staved and overwhelmed at the instant that her prow touched the rock. The survivor heard but one shriek—the shriek of Renée—ere he found himself struggling companionless in the torrent. A stout and expert swimmer, he combated successfully with the tide; and by great exertion reached the shore. Apprehensive of the consequences, should the share he had in this disastrous enterprise be discovered by the authorities, he sought shelter with an English gentleman, resident at Sainte Servan, to whom he was partially known; and through this friendly interposition, was enabled to elude detection, and satisfy the police regarding his mysterious arrival in France. The melancholy termination of his friend's adventure naturally prepossessed him against the country in which it happened; and he availed himself of the earliest opportunity to depart. He remained long enough, however, to ascertain that all search for the body of Edward was in vain; and to see the last obsequies celebrated over the grave of hapless youth and beauty.

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# ANECDOTES OF DON PEDRO, AND HIS PROSPECTS OF SUCCESS.

Notwithstanding the very flattering statements that appear almost daily in the public prints, of the position of the Emperor Don Pedro, some of his most sanguine adherents, and those who have access to the best sources of information, begin to despair of the success of the expedition. It is easy to reason after an event, for, by placing cause and effect in juxtaposition, we arrive at the wished-for result; but without resorting, in the present instance, to this mode of analysis, it must strike every one conversant with military affairs, that the execution of Don Pedro's plan of campaign has been *en contresens*—based as it was, on the apparently well-founded supposition of the existence of a strong party in his favor, without which it was madness to have risked the enterprise. His object should have been to have landed on a point of the coast nearest to the quarter where the elements of revolt existed in their greatest mass. Had the ex-Emperor disembarked at the back of the rock of Lisbon, the Constitutional banner might now have been floating on the forts of Belem and Sa Juliao; whereas, by proceeding to Oporto, he at once threw all his chances of success into the hands of his adversary: and if he has so long been enabled to maintain himself in his present position, it is rather owing to the blind fatuity and inconceivable inactivity of the Miguelite Generals, than to his own military resources. A very short time will now decide a question, the solution of which, Europe awaits with much anxiety: but even should the ex-Emperor be allowed to take up, unmolested, his winter-quarters at Oporto, (which we doubt, it being decidedly the policy of the *Miguelites de brusquer Paffair*) by what means are his army to be supported, and from what source is the enormous sum of 90,000*l.* per month to be raised? These are questions, we believe, not easily answered. In fact, if the efforts of the Constitutionals are limited to holding Oporto, they had better far have never left the Azores. As it is, the disarming of the population of that city, indicates but too clearly that no dependence on their co-operation can be placed.

Perhaps no adequate idea can be formed of the rancorous animosity that animates the two parties, but by those who are acquainted with, and have taken part in the political events of Portugal since the year 1820. Miguel's army is composed chiefly of the corps who fought against the Emperor during the revolutionary war in Brazil, and who execrate him to a man. On the ocean, too, there are many who fought in South America on opposite sides:—thus we find Capt. Crosbie, who holds the same situation under Sartorius that he held under Lord Cochrane, opposed to his former adversary, Joao Felix, in the old *Don Joao Sexto*. When we recollect that, during the campaign of 1823, Lord Cochrane, in the *Pedro Primeiro*, of 68 guns, with a picked crew of 600 English seamen, and several other smaller vessels, was unable, in spite of his daring gallantry and consummate skill, to effect anything of consequence against the Portuguese squadron, composed of the same *Don Joao Sexto*, two heavy frigates, and several corvettes, we certainly do not expect that Sartorius will succeed where Lord Cochrane failed. On the 3d of May, 1823, off the port of Bahia, his Lordship having made a signal to his fleet to keep to windward, bore down and broke the Portuguese line, and raking in, the Admiral obliged a corvette to strike her colors; but his Lordship was unable to take possession of her. On another occasion, availing himself of a very

dark night, he dashed into the harbor of Bahia, and had the wind not failed, it is probable he would have destroyed the whole squadron, as Joao Felix and most of the superior officers were on shore, and the ships were riding at anchor, without springs on their cables, although Sir Thomas Hardy forewarned them of the probability of such a visit. When, finally, the Royalist garrison evacuated the city of St. Salvador, the squadron that weighed anchor on the morning of the 2d of July, consisted of upwards of 120 vessels of all classes. Lord Cochrane, who was anchored almost within gunshot of them, weighed at the same time, and cut off, before evening, between twenty and thirty transports; but although he followed the squadron to the line, he could make nothing of their ships of war.

The Portuguese Admiral, Joao Felix, is not a dashing officer, but he is an experienced and excellent seaman, and will hold his squadron well in hand: and opposed, as he has constantly been, to the party of the Emperor Don Pedro, his fidelity is *à toute épreuve*. Miguel's agents in this country have sent him out two well-appointed steam-boats. The superiority which Sartorius has hitherto derived from this arm, will consequently be neutralized: and should the Miguelite squadron risk an action, if they only fight their ships with but even ordinary skill and gallantry, so overwhelming is their force, that Sartorius, with all his skill and bravery, will have but a poor chance; for we need not mention the effect of the concentrated force of an 86-gun ship, upon the small vessels that compose his squadron.

Don Pedro has now been upwards of two months master of the second city of the kingdom, and yet not an individual has joined his ranks; while his own, by the casualties of action, sickness, and desertion, are minus some 2,000 men. But the fact is, and we say so, unbiassed by party spirit, that the ex-Emperor is not personally popular in Portugal, who may with justice lay at his door all the evils that at present afflict her; and he feels that his political career has been marked by phases as dark as even that of his unpopular brother Miguel. Cradled in despotism, Don Pedro is rather a liberal *par ton que par sentiment*; he has a brusquerie of manner and hauteur of character, that revolts at the slightest control, while he is totally destitute of what the French call *force de caractère*, the most essential quality in a prince; a deficiency that, coupled with the basest ingratitude, alienated his warmest adherents, and lost him his crown.

Shortly after his accession to the throne, the Northern provinces of the Empire revolted, and proclaimed a republic. The leader of this movement, was one Barrata, (a cognomen that equally in Brasil applies to the Cockroach) a man of considerable talent, and an ex-Deputy of the Cortes. So popular was this chief among his adherents, that it was the fashion to wear a silver *barrata* at the button-hole; and we have even seen the hideous emblem on the fair bosoms of the women and the cassocks of the priests. One of these singular decorations found its way to Rio de Janeiro, where it was shown to the Emperor. On receiving it, his dark eye fired with rage, and almost twisting out his moustache by the roots, he exclaimed, 'It is very pretty, but tell them, *que ha aqui no Rio de Janeiro um gallo que os comera todos*,'—there is a cock here in Rio de Janeiro, that will devour them all.

Don Pedro's activity is wonderful, and his strength almost Herculean, a quality inherited by his daughter, the young Queen Maria de Gloria, who when quite a child, has been known to lift the large gamela (trough) used by her father as a bath.

## A WINTER NIGHT'S STORY, OF IRELAND IN 1789.

Contrary to Mr. Fitzgerald's expectations, the Assizes at ———, did not terminate on the day he expected; several affairs of life and death were yet upon the calendar, and the case for which he had been called as a witness, was the last but two upon the list. It is an inconvenient thing for a man to be summoned to a distance of thirty miles on an occasion in which he feels no personal interest, and when he arrives at his journey's end, to find that, at the expense of comfort and cash, he must wait the issue, although it be protracted to an indefinite period. In fact there was no evading the matter; he was obliged to submit to the proceedings of the court; and, while he muttered some severe observations on the unfitness of a judge, who paid so little consideration to the private feelings of country gentlemen, he wrote a letter of explanation to his wife, and made up his mind, for the first time in his life, to sleep away from home.

Mrs. Fitzgerald was by no means violent in her temper. Whenever she was in a passion, her rage exhibited itself in a species of wordless convulsion—a sort of desperate hiccup—she was spasmodic in her anger. She was never known to abuse her husband, but she had a painful hysterical laugh, with which, on occasions of uncommon aggravation, she assaulted his nerves. It is the art of the sex to appeal to a man's compassion; no man can reply to a woman's scream; and should she think proper to faint—argument, remonstrance, and threat are out of the question. There are weapons peculiar to both. If a man would conquer his wife, he must affect to rely on her good sense. If a wife desire to subdue her husband, she exhibits her lowest feminine imbecility, and the pity or contempt of the strong vessel secures the victory to the weak. When Mrs. Fitzgerald received her husband's letter, she possessed no means of venting her mortification upon him, therefore it speedily suppressed itself. Had he been present, she would have fallen into an agony of swoons and shrieks. People seldom think of a vexation, unless there is somebody near them at the moment, with whom they dare be vexed. Ladies very rarely tear their caps, or burst blood-vessels when they are alone. Most young ladies choose to faint in crowded drawing-rooms.

The messenger who conveyed the letter to Mrs. Fitzgerald, departed very little wiser than he came, so far as the lady's feelings respecting its contents were concerned. The inmates of the cottage, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and a favorite and familiar servant, whose musical name was Judy, listened until the last echo of the horse's feet died away. They then closed the door, double-bolted it, (it was the first time they had ever passed a night under a roof without a man) and prepared to spend the remaining dismal hours until morning, sitting up at the fire-side.

When two females are in this situation they generally sit up all night. They think there is a security in sitting up; they have some undefined sense of safety, particularly if it be winter, which was the case on the present occasion, while they look at the fire and poke the vagrant gas-soldiers; a sense which forsakes them when they find themselves in bed alone, and the candles out. They use, also, another means of defence against ghosts and robbers, which is equally susceptible of a satisfactory solution—we mean conversation. Mrs. Fitzgerald and Judy had recourse to both.

'Now what could bewitch the master, ma'am,' said Judy, as she took her seat on a low stool by the side of her mistress, 'to stay out from you the

live-long night? Sure what has the 'sides to do upon him compared to his lawful wife?'

'Nothing but his weakness, Judy,' replied her mistress; 'he has no command over himself when he gets out o' my sight. I dare say he thinks to make a great friend of the judge by his condescension, just as he used to tell me he made a friend of Father Kane——'

'For the love of Heaven, Mistress, jewel, don't talk of Father Kane; myself's not myself when I hear his name; there's such stories told of him about the country.'

This Father Kane, we should premise, was an ex-communicated priest, who, having committed some nameless indiscretions, had brought himself under the ban of mother church. In such cases, the laity are forbidden to harbor or succor the outcast, and he generally lives by the profit of secret marriages and unlawful courses. Rendered desperate by the malediction that closes the communion of society against him, he abandons himself to the most criminal and wanton excesses.

'Have you heard anything lately?' inquired Mrs. Fitzgerald.

'Och! then, avich, I heard a frightful story of him last night; God save us! it would make the hairs of your head afeard of each other—'

'There can be no harm in telling what you hear, Judy,' said Mrs. Fitzgerald, as she involuntarily drew closer to the fire, and looked peeringly round the room.

'Troth, then, Mistress, honey, there's not another in the world,' said Judy, 'that I'd risk my salvation for, but yourself; and sure if you don't think there's no harm in it, I'll tell you all I know about it.'

'See is the door fast, Judy, and the shutters;' whispered the mistress, inspired, perhaps, with a portion of the terror that filled the maid.

Judy slowly, and with trepidation obeyed; and when all was secured, drew her short gown over her head, and huddling herself on her stool close to Mrs. Fitzgerald, commenced the promised narrative.

'You know, Ma'am,' cried Judy, in a prelude, 'that it's the law that a child can turn his father out o' doors, by turning Protestant; and that no matter how much land or money he's worth in the world, it all falls as naturally as possible to the child that's bad enough to turn against his religion and his priest.\* Well, poor Paudgeen Dowling, that had a sight of ground at the top of the hill beside the kiln, and that was a saving man, and paid regard to his little family, the cratures, and reared them up decent, and saved up a snug penny for the rainy day, poor Paudgeen's son, Tim Dowling, a boy that ought to have known better than to break his ould father's heart, came across Father Kane one night, God help us, in the dark glyn, just under the waterfall.

'And so they fell to talking about one thing or another, until at last Tim Dowling began to tell how he was out of his mind about Margaret White, the flourman's daughter, up in Ennis, but that she was a Protestant, and that he knew her friends would never consent to such a thing as their marriage: and so he wanted Father Kane's counsel what he should do to get Margaret White.

'"Sit down here," says Father Kane, "and I'll tell you." So ma'am, *chris chreestha!* † they sat down upon the very stone where Shamus Healy murdered his own brother, last Michaelmas twelvemonth!

'Well, the water was dashing about their ears, and the trees moaning

\* This law was repealed in 1793.

† Literally, the Cross of Christ—idiomatically, the Cross of Christ be about us!

just like the branches, and Tim Dowling says, "Don't sit here, Father Kane; this is a gloomy place to talk about a wedding in," but Father Kane gripped him by the arm, and desired him to stay where he was.

"Then what is your advice to me?" says Tim Dowling, and they say he shook like a leaf all the time.

"My advice to you," says Father Kane, "is this, and it's few that I'd give it to; you know you've got no house, nor home to bring her to when you marry her, so you must get that first. There's your father's nice little place, and there's plenty of room in it for Margaret White if you choose."

"But what would I do with my father, and my brothers and sisters?" says Tim.

"Why as to that," says Father Kane, "there's no trouble about them at all, for all you've to do, is just to say you're a Protestant, and all the fathers and brothers in the world can't stand against you."

"And would you have me turn rebel to him that reared me, Father Kane," says the other, and he looked at him as if he would pierce him through.

"No—not that neither," says Father Kane, "but if you just go and say you're a Protestant, you can marry Margaret, and then bring her home; nobody can turn you out then, because you see the house and place will be your own, and you may then take care of your father, who is getting too old to take care of himself."

"Faith, then, I believe you're right there," says Tim, whose love of Margaret was uppermost, "and I'll take your advice Father Kane!"

"So up they both got, and come away together through the glyn; and just as Tim parted from the priest, he met his poor ould father.

"Where are you going so late at night, Tim," says the father, because he always kept a watch over his children.

"I'm going home, father," says Tim: and you see he meant that he was going to take his father's home from him.

"So they walked on a little way, and Tim says, "I'm a Protestant, father, and all your land is mine, and I'm going to marry Margaret White to-morrow."

"Go on, you fool," says poor Paudgeen, not thinking but that Tim was joking with him.

"Fool?" says Tim, "do you call me a fool?" and with that he turned round, and was going, the Lord save us! to strike the ould man; but as the Lord would have it, he missed his blow, and the ould man ran on to the top of the hill, and got into the house and locked the door upon him.

"To be sure Paudgeen Dowling was wrong to lock out the boy all night, but then he was vexed out of his reason with him, and may be he didn't know rightly what he was doing.

"Well, Tim goes off to the Protestant minister, and tells him the whole story; so the next morning a patrol of soldiers comes down to poor Paudgeen's place, and turns them all out, little creatures and all, just as they were, and wouldn't even give them time to get their little clothes to put upon them. And what do you think Pat Dowling did? He brings the whole boiling of them down to the glyn, for he knew it would be no use to talk to the sassenachs, and there he makes beds for them, six of them in all, under the trees just upon the edge of the stream. The neighbors all collected to console poor Paddy, but he wouldn't hear of them at all, nor wouldn't take any comfort they gave him. So he lived there, like a wild man, for a whole week, while Tim was about at the house, pulling down and building up, and singing and drinking like as if he was to live forever. No wonder, to be sure, that no luck should come of him after such doings.

'Well, at the end of the week, one morning, as one of the neighbors was going down to fetch the famishing children a bit of breakfast, he thought he saw a man lying with his feet in the water. "Now," says he, "if this should be Pat Dowling;" and sure enough, as he said the word, it was Pat Dowling that was lying in that spot. So he goes over to him, and tried to waken him, and pulled him, and shook him. "Get up, Pat Dowling," says he, "this is no place for you to be taking your sleep in." But never a stir Pat Dowling stirred. So he tried to lift him, and he found him as heavy as a log of wood. "What's the matter with you, Pat Dowling," says he; but never an answer did Pat Dowling make, until at last he began to feel his hands and his face, and—holy mother of God!—he found a cold clammy sweat upon them, and they were just like the marble. "Pat Dowling," says he, "yot're dead." And poor Pat Dowling, at the word, dropped from his hands like a stone, without motion or life; and there he lay before his ould neighbor, that came to bring him nourishment, as stiff and dead as a lump of clay. "Och, wurrah! wurrah!" says the poor man, "what's to be done at all? and what'll become of them that brought you to this?"

'So the story of Paudgeen Dowling's death was in every body's mouth, and people said that his heart was broke inside, and that he died in a fit. Well, when the poor all about, that loved him as if he was their father, heard of his end, they set about to think what they'd do with the son, and so they thought that he deserved a just punishment for his wickedness.

'Although his poor father died that death, Tim Dowling was drunk all day yesterday, and roaring about the place, and saying that he'd bring Margaret White home to-morrow; but it was'nt to thrive with him, as I'll tell you.

'Last night he had a great carousing, and it was very late when his sinful drinking was over, and his bad advisers left him; so just after they were gone, a heap of the boys from Slievegraughan gathered, and went up to the house; and there was'nt a single light in the whole place, but they brought one with them, that was better than any they could get at the kiln.

'So after they looked well about them, and found that Tim was snoring in his bed, they set fire to the haggard, and then set fire to the house wherever they could get a bit of wood in it to take the flames. Well—the cross of Christ protect us!—in a few minutes the whole pile was one blaze, and they say you could see the fire for miles across the mountains over to Ballyboden, and round again for miles over Galway.

'Sure enough, Tim Dowling woke with the smoke and fire that was suffocating him; and not knowing where to run, broke the window to get out. Just as he looked out the flames gathered round him, and hissed about his ears, and he was going to jump out, when he saw the boys below. "For the mercy of God, save me!" says he; and his throat began to grow stifled as he called out. "You had no mercy on your father, Tim Dowling!" says the boys; and as they spoke the word, a volley of shot came upon him from under the window where he stood.

'Well, for a short time, there was no noise heard but the groaning of the fire as it forced up through the chimneys and rafters, and spread through the roof of the house. Then after that they saw a figure stagger over to the same window, and the blood was dripping from his head, and his face was black and horrid, and he tried to call out to them, but he was'nt able to speak or to hould the sash. So as the words were gurgling in his mouth, the boys fired at him again, and Tim Dowling dropped from the window down upon the stones outside.



'The fall finished him entirely. There was'n't a whole limb in his body, and his head was full of holes, and bleeding out of the eyes, and the skull was smashed, and the wretch was black dead.

'When this was done, the boys raised a shout over the body, and returned back again through the glyn, to Slievegraughan.'

This story was too horrible for Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose nerves were not a little affected in the first instance by the absence of her husband, and she entreated Judy to drop the recital. An hysterical sob relieved the intense apprehensions of the good lady, and after a pious prayer, and a great effort at composure, she retired to her room for the night; not, however, until she had made Judy bring in her little pallet, that she might sleep at the foot of her bed.

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### THE LADY OF THE OAK.

#### *A Ballad.*

Sir Roland of Rood'hath sought the wood,  
To chase the hart and roe;  
And pacing in pride by the warrior's side,  
Fair dames and bold knights go.

Merrily borne from the hunter's horn,  
The wood-craft notes are sounding,  
And the stately deer, uproused in fear,  
From the deep-mouthed dogs are bounding.

On, on ! they dash like a torrent's flash,  
And Marley chase is ringing,  
With many a steed at headlong speed,  
To follow Sir Roland's springing.

On, on ; they sweep o'er stream and steep,  
Till turns the hart to bay ;  
The hounds rush in with furious din,  
And sinks the bleeding prey.

Again, and again, from their ferny glen,  
The startled deer are flying ;  
And the sky was bright with sunset's light,  
When the last proud stag was dying.

At the close of day, Sir Roland lay  
His panting steed beside ;  
No sound from behind came down the wind.  
But the forest was rustling wide.

On the broad trunks dun the setting sun  
A yellow beauty breathed ;  
The foliage green it flowed between,  
An old oak's ivy-wreathed.

The forest ground, that knight around,  
Was in softest glory bright :  
Sky, breeze, and tree, seemed all to be  
Filled with one pure delight.

Each ancient oak in murmurs spoke,  
Like a happy infant's voice ;  
And every bird that Roland heard,  
Said to his soul ' rejoice !'

The branches a breezy shade  
Above his wearied brows ;  
While his eyes still strove afar to rove  
Amid the dusky boughs.

But sudden broke from the knotted oak,  
That o'er him cast its gloom,  
And stood at his feet the knight to greet,  
A form of light and bloom.

Brown was each tress in its green wreath's dress,  
As the old oak's sun-lit bark ;  
Her lips faint sigh was a melody,  
And her eye was wild and dark.

Up started the knight, when that damsel bright  
He saw before him stand ;  
And so sudden she came, that the chief of fame  
Half drew from the sheath his brand.

A cup of dew, before his view,  
With fairy hand she raised,  
And softly she smiled, while in accent mild  
She spoke, and on Roland gazed :

' Here am I come, from my green-wood home,  
' Sir Roland of Rood to see ;  
' *There lives not the Man, who, since time began,*  
' *Hath seen my cup or me !*'

The fresh dew draught Sir Roland quaffed,  
The lady 'gan to sing,  
Like the voice of a breeze in the rustling trees,  
When birds are on the wing.

Soothing and low, the sweet notes flow,  
A calm harmonious stream,  
On the grassy bank Sir Roland sank ;  
The world seemed all a dream ;

' Sleep, Roland, sleep ! the skies shall weep  
The dews of evening's close,  
And every star, that gleams afar,  
Shall bless thy soft repose.

' 'Tis mine by day through woods to stray,  
That ne'er were trod by men ;

Tis mine to rove the moonlight grove,  
Green hill and darksome glen.

'The summer shade, the leaf-strown glade,  
Where quick the streamlet wends,  
Each woodland bower, and sweet wild flower,  
To me are home and friends.

'Alone I dwell, by heath and fell,  
Within my tree-girt fold ;  
No eyes of men my home may ken,  
Or pierce my forest hold.

'And I am come from that secret home,  
Thy hour of rest to guard ;  
No harnessed knight, with sword of might,  
Could keep a surer ward.'

He slept—his head on the soft moss laid ;  
He held his courser's reign ;  
And his limbs, at length, in their giant strength,  
Fell loose upon the plain.

Then swelled amain that damsel's strain,  
In notes that proudly rang ;  
And a bough she tore from the oak-tree hoar,  
While thus her spell she sang :

'The work is done, the power is won,—  
Now thou art mine for aye ;  
Here shalt thou dwell in this lonely dell,  
Till time hath passed away.

'For helmet's plume, the waving gloom  
Of leaves shall gird thy head ;  
And the ivy's twine, for steely shine,  
Around thy breast shall spread.

'The wolf and deer shall pass in fear,  
Far from thy shade to lie ;—  
To me alone thy fate be known—  
Thy queen and comrade I !'

She smote his brow with the green oak bough,  
And quicker charm she muttered :  
A sudden blast through the forest past,  
As her spell the damsel uttered.

When once she smote seemed all afloat  
The forest foliage wide :  
And far around o'erwhelmed the ground  
Of leaves a rushing tide.

She smote again—the courser's mane  
Upbristled in his fright,  
The roebuck fled with hurrying dread,  
And the lightning flash was bright.

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When thrice his crest the branch had pressed  
Quick rising at her hand :  
A mighty tree she smiled to see,  
For knight with spear and brand.

Next morn there stood, in that lone wood,  
An oak that stands till now ;—  
A steed was tied the tree beside,  
His rein hung on its bough.

'The violets grow in fairest show,  
Its massy trunk around ;  
And aye is seen spring's earliest green,  
On that enchanted ground.

Yet always there, from flowerets fair,  
And turf that never fades,  
Starts the wild deer in sudden fear,  
And flies to other glades.

And still at eve, when shades deceive,  
Amid the doubtful light,  
The peasants see, in Roland's tree,  
The stature of a knight.

Each giant limb, in twilight dim,  
To motion starts anew ;  
With shuddering eye they pass it by,  
And hurry from the view.

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EARLY YEARS OF THE LATE DUKE DE REICHSTADT.

[The following curious and interesting details are collected from a work at present unpublished, but on the point of making its appearance in Paris, under the title of '*Histoire Populaire et Complete de Napoleon II. &c.*' This open assumption of the forbidden title of 'Napoleon II.' is somewhat singular, in the present state of the 'liberty of the press' under Louis Philippe. The details which we give are said to have been obtained from authentic sources.]

Until the year 1816 the education of the Young Duke was confided to the care of Madame de Montesquiou, under the immediate superintendence of his mother, Maria Louisa ; but in April of the year just named, the whole system of his education was changed, and Count Maurice Dietrichstein was appointed his tutor, in which office he was assisted by two distinguished literary men, M. de Forti and M. Collnis. It appears that the young Duke was quite ignorant, at the time of their occurrence, of the events of 1815, including the return of his father, his abdication, &c. The only means he had of judging as to the astonishing changes which had taken place, consisted in those

immediate changes in his own personal position which were the consequence of them—such as the appearance of new faces about him, new costumes, &c. and in particular the new mode of designating him, which became necessary on these changes. Hitherto he had been addressed invariably as *Sire*, and *votre Majesté*; but now he was not a little astonished to hear himself called *Monsieur*, and *votre Altesse*—a change which appears to have by no means pleased him. It was in 1818 that the Emperor of Austria conferred on him the title of Duke of Reichstadt, and on his first introduction to his grandfather under this title, on hearing himself announced as ‘His Highness the Duke of Reichstadt,’ he inquired of his attendant,—‘Who is this new Duke?’—on which a conference ensued that was anything but satisfactory to the ‘ex-King;’ nor could he be appeased till the Emperor himself took him in his arms, and after tenderly caressing him, promised that he should know all about the change in a few days, if he behaved well in the interim. The interim, however, brought with it that forgetfulness which had probably been reckoned upon: he became accustomed to his new title, and made no further inquiries about it. The Duchess of Parma was unremitting in her attention to her son while she remained at Vienna; but on quitting it for her Italian Duchy, the new ties which she contracted (and which, unhappily for the fame of the widow of Napoleon, are but too well known) seemed in a great degree to alienate her affections from her son,—who is said to have been deeply afflicted by the loss of her society. It is but justice to Maria Louisa to confess, however, that as soon as she heard of the serious nature of her son’s illness, she hastened to Vienna and did not quit him till his death.

From the period of the ex-Empress quitting Vienna, the mode of education adopted for the young Duke was entirely changed; and a direction was given to it by no means incompatible with the claims of *any* destiny, however high, that might have awaited him. It has always been generally believed in France and Italy, and also in England, that the Duke of Reichstadt was kept in the most studious manner from the approach of *all* Frenchmen, or from those persons of *any* nation who could by possibility be supposed capable of even hinting to him the secret of his birth, the claims and destiny of his father, and his own possible position in connection with European politics; and it has been said and currently believed that he owed to the ill-timed malice and mischief-making disposition of Don Miguel the revelation of all these extraordinary events and circumstances. But this is not true. During his infancy indeed these things, if not exactly concealed, were not absolutely revealed to him as a necessary part of his early education; but his questions relative to them were vaguely answered, and in a manner not inconsistent with the truth, though certainly not explanatory of it. When, however, his infancy was passed, and it was found that his ideas were sufficiently prepared for the reception of that *historical* portion of his education which would include the knowledge

of his father's life and deeds, these were in no degree concealed from him, and the effect which the knowledge of them had upon his young heart and mind are said to have been very remarkable and highly interesting. He is said to have listened to the first recital of his father's glories, and his own early destiny, with a degree of surprise and admiration which deprived him of the power of utterance; and that, on recovering from his brief reverie, he exclaimed with eager looks, and in a tone of sudden inspiration—'Oh! tell me again! repeat to me the recital of those grand battles in which my father was so often a conqueror—tell me again of that wonderful Egyptian campaign—tell me of those pompous ceremonies of my own birth, in which the Kings of Europe were assembled round my cradle!'—And his worthy preceptor is said to have complied with this request, in a manner that he had afterwards some reason to regret—for it is believed that the flame of glory which was on this occasion lighted in his young breast was never afterwards so effectually extinguished as those about him considered desirable. He was at this time about twelve years of age; and by consent of the Emperor, his Governor, the Count Dietrichstein, conducted him over the fields of Austerlitz and Wagram; on which occasions he took the opportunity, while contemplating the grandeur and glory of his father's actions, to dwell in a marked manner on the melancholy and fatal end to which they led him. It is said however that from this moment young Napoleon contracted a habit of thoughtfulness, amounting almost to sadness, which never afterwards quitted him, and which shewed itself in a very marked manner in the traits of his countenance. This circumstance seemed to render it still more necessary to keep him from the society of those who might have turned his young feelings still more pointedly into a dangerous channel; and the insane, but for the moment successful attempt of Charles Dondeuil to gain access to him and incite him to take open part in the views of the Bonaparte faction, rendered this restriction the more natural and even necessary. This person actually obtained a private interview with him at Schoenbrunn—shewed him a tri-colored cockade—told him of the glorious destinies that awaited him in France, and induced him even to accept the token, and utter some words which were naturally enough construed into a willingness to become the instrument of the remains of his father's party in France in furthering their insane views.—'Tell the French people,'—the young Duke is reported to have said—'that the sight of this emblem has caused me the most profound emotion, and assure them of my desire to prove myself worthy to be looked upon as the son of the Emperor Napoleon.'—From the period of this event, a more strict watch was kept over the young Duke, and access to the Palace of Schoenbrunn became much more difficult than it had hitherto been; but it was only in the case of avowed friends of the Bonaparte dynasty that this restriction was exercised,—as in the case of M. Barthelemy, the author of '*Le Fils de l'Homme*.' In the case of other persons of distinction, he enjoyed as much freedom of access as is usually accorded to persons in his station of society—witness his in-

terview with the Duc de Montebello, who was repeatedly received by the Prince with favor as the friend of his father, and who returned to France full of enthusiasm as to the character and acquirements of the young Duke. He was very fond of riding on horseback, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first equestrian attempt. The animal that was first brought for his use was a little pony exactly suited to his age and size. (He was then eight years old.) But on seeing its small size he would not at first be placed upon it—insisting on having a large horse, 'like that which his papa rode, in the picture.' At last, however, on being placed on the pony, he immediately, and before his attendants were aware, gave it a cut with the whip, and caused it to dash off at full speed across the Park. He did not fall off, however, but clung round the neck of the animal, and kept there till it stopped of its own accord at one of the gates.

The chief day in each year of the life of the young Duke, was the anniversary of his father's death; and the emotion which he experienced yearly on this occasion, and which increased with every return of the day, is said to have had a considerable effect in hastening his death.

#### MISLED BY A NAME.

It was my fortune to pass a portion of my youth at a celebrated watering-place, to which it was the fashion at that time, with the faculty in all parts of the kingdom, to consign their patients, usually in compliance with the desires of the latter, when medicine could be of no more avail; and there was such a constant influx of pale people of fortune, who were buried within so brief a period after the announcement of their arrival, that I sincerely pitied persons of opulence, because they seemed to be Death's favorite prey. Funerals occurred so frequently, that at least a tithe of the inhabitants were undertakers.

It was really laughable to witness the intrigue that took place in the event of a death. The funeral was frequently bespoke, even before the patient had been given over by the resident physicians: the sick gentleman's grocer, his tailor, his shoemaker, the master of the inn where he put up on his arrival, the person in whose house he was expiring, the barber who shaved him when he was no longer able to shave himself, his butler, who had become tainted with the mania of the place, and the man over the way, whose wife was a laundress, were all undertakers in disguise, and sighing for his dissolution. This is a true sketch of the state of things some years ago, at —, and doubtless, at many other equally celebrated resorts of the afflicted. The various candidates for a black job,—that was the technical term,—frequently formed a coalition of interests. One of the party was nominated to bury the deceased, and to divide the profits among all. Bribery to the domestics, in these cases, was carried on to a shocking extent; and the resident tradesmen of the place, rendered callous by custom, purchased the votes of every individual who was likely to have any voice in the election of an undertaker. Humorous mistakes frequently occurred in the ardor



of the pursuit, and in the rivalry existing between the real gentlemen of the hearse, and those who were constantly on the alert to obtain a share of their profits. A case occurs to my recollection, which may, perhaps, be deemed not altogether devoid of interest.

An undertaker who had received intelligence from one of the numerous jackals of the place, that the doctors had received their last fee from the friends of a patient, who lodged at Mr. B.'s house in a certain crescent, immediately repaired to the scene of action. He knocked at the door, but the footman (having received a bribe, and very particular instructions from a rival undertaker, who had purchased the same intelligence a few moments earlier from the same identical jackal, and who was then in the pantry, trying to buy over the butler,) told him that he had mistaken the number; that his master was perfectly well; and that, in all probability, the gentleman who was dying, lived at Mr. B.'s other lodging-house, No. 7, in the same crescent.

'Do you know his name?' inquired the undertaker.

'The Reverend Mr. Morgan,' replied the footman.

'Do you know his servant?'

'Yes; he's a thick-set man, with a slight cast in his eye.'

'In or out of livery?'

'Out.'

'May I use your name?'

'With all my heart, on your tipping the usual.'

'There's a crown; its all speculation—neck or nothing; so I can't afford more. What's your name?'

'I am Sir Joseph Morgan's under-butler.'

'Thank you;—good day:—but stop, allow me to trouble you with a dozen of my cards; a judicious use of them may pay you: I come down handsomely, and you may make it worth your while, as well as mine, if anything occurs in your family. Will you do what you can?'

'With pleasure.'

'Much obliged: and,—d'ye hear?—here's another: if you know of any house where the ravens roost,—you understand me?—stick it in the frame of the housekeeper's looking-glass. Good morning!'

The Reverend Mr. Morgan, to whose lodgings the under-butler had referred the undertaker was a middle-aged gentleman, lately married, and in daily expectation of having an heir to his name and the little freehold his uncle had devised to him in the county of Brecon. He was just the sort of man that the under-butler had in his eye, when describing his servant. As the undertaker approached the door of No. 7, the reverend gentleman, in his usual neat, but homely dress, made his appearance. The undertaker, suspecting that he was the servant, accosted him the moment he had closed the door behind him, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Your most obedient, sir.'

'Yours, sir;—I ask pardon, but as I am in a hurry—'

'One moment—'

'Really, sir, if you knew the situation of affairs—'

'I do, sir,—I do, indeed.'

'No!'

'Yes!'

'Well, it's rather odd. But I cannot stand here gossiping. Mrs. Morgan—'

'Ah! poor dear creature! but these things will happen, you know;—'

transitory life—sublunary world—sad mortality—vale of tears!—Going for the doctor?’

‘No, not just yet; but—’

‘Ah! still the event is pretty certain, I believe.’

‘Why, yes; I flatter myself it is.’

‘Good. Pardon me for being intrusive, my dear friend; it lies in your power to do me a favor, I think: will you?’

‘Oh! yes,—any thing;—provided it costs me nothing.’

‘Not a penny:—you’ll be in pocket by it. But, before I explain, allow me to ask, have you any interest with, or influence over, Mrs. Morgan? Be candid.’

‘Why, sir, I think I ought to have.’

‘Oh I see:—a managed matter; a candidate for dead men’s shoes; eh?—Ah you sly dog!’

‘Sly dog!’

‘You’ll soon be master, I guess.’

‘I hope so, I have been long trying for it.’

‘Ha, ha! I know it. Oh! I can see things.—But now to business;—the fact is, I’m a professional man.’

‘Oh! are you?’

‘Yes—you understand:—and as soon as anything occurs call me in; and I’ll make matters agreeable to you.’

‘But Mrs. Morgan,—she must be consulted: I’m just going to see a gentleman on this very business.’

‘To be sure, Mrs. M. must be consulted. Far be it from me to think of intruding myself without her permission. But you can use your influence. A word in your ear: I’m empowered to mention the name of Sir Joseph Morgan’s under-butler. Manage it well, and I’ll tip you a five pound note.’

‘Sir Joseph Morgan’s under-butler! Me? Tip me?’

‘Oh, honor! honor among thieves, you know. Ha, ha! Harkye;—the moment he goes off—’

‘Goes off! Who?’

‘The parson.—I say, the moment he goes off—’

‘Ah!’

‘Smuggle me up to his wife.’

‘To Mrs. M.? Smuggle you?’

‘Oh! these things must be done with decorum, you know.’

‘Well, but—’

‘Leave me to manage the rest. I flatter myself that my talent and experience will ensure us the desired success. Act well your part, and depend upon it I shall be the happy man.’

‘The happy man!’

‘Ay; see him home, as we say.’

‘See who home?’

‘Why M. to be sure.’

‘M.?’

‘Yes. Really, though, now I look at you, you don’t seem to follow my ideas exactly.’

‘Not with that precision which I could wish.’

‘Psha! In plain English, then,—the parson being about to kick the bucket—’

‘Kick the—’

‘Ay,—hop the twig,—or pop off the hooks:—pick and choose, I’ve a variety.’

'And pray, sir, what may his kicking the bucket be to you?'

'Thirty pounds, at least, if his widow's a trump, and things turn out kindly.'

'I'm quite in a fog!—Pray, sir, who and what are you?'

'Didn't I say I was a professional man—an undertaker?'

'Oh! you're an undertaker, are you?'

'At your service.'

'Thank you!—and so you think of seeing M. home, do you?'

'Yes; box him up, as we say;—Ha, ha!'

'And I'm to have five pounds—'

'Exclusive of the usual jollification on the occasion, with the mutes and mourners; and an additional guinea, if you think proper to officiate with a black stick and hatband. Pull your hat over your eyes, hold a white pocket-handkerchief to your face, and nobody will know you:—that's the way to manage. Ha, ha!'

'Very good; very good, indeed. Ha, ha!'

'Ha, ha! But come—what say you to a cheerful glass on this melancholy occasion? Sorrow is dry, you know;—I'll be a bottle.'

'You're very good. And so you're an undertaker, after all, are you?'

'To be sure I am;—come along.'

'And I'm to smuggle you up to Mrs. M. eh?—Ha, ha! I must say I admire your mode of doing business much.'

'Tact, my dear fellow,—tact and decorum: I display no other talents.'

'Your gay manner, too—'

'Yes; "we're the lads for life and joy," as the song says. I'm naturally cheerful; but when I feel pretty sure of my man—as I now do—oddsheart! I'm as merry as a grig. Take my arm.'

The undertaker marched off in triumph with his supposed prey leaning on his arm, towards a neighboring tavern; but whether the reverend gentleman blighted his hopes by an early explanation, or forgot Mrs. M. for a few moments longer, and partook of the proffered bottle, 'the chronicler cannot state.'

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THE INCOGNITO; OR, COUNT FITZ-HUM.

FREDERIC LAUN.

[The following tale is translated from the German of Schulze, a living author of great popularity, not known at all under that name, but under the *nom-de-guerre* of Frederic Laun. A judicious selection (well translated) from the immense body of his novels, would have a triple claim on public attention: first, as reflecting in a lively way the general aspect of German manners in the domestic life of the middle ranks; secondly, as pretty faithful evidences of the state of German taste amongst the most numerous class of readers; no writer, except Kotzebue perhaps, having dedicated his exertions with more success to the single purpose of meeting the popular taste, and adapting himself to the immediate demands of the market; thirdly, as possessing considerable intrinsic merit in the lighter department of comic tales. On this point, for our sakes, as well as to guard the reader against disappointment from seeking for more than was designed, we shall say all that needs to be said in one sentence; they have just that merit, and they pretend to that merit, neither more nor less, which we look for in a clever dramatic after-

piece;—the very slightest basis of fable; a few lively or laughable situations a playful style; and an airy, *sketchy* mode of catching those common-places in manners or in character which are best suited to ludicrous display. The novels of Laun are mines of what is called *fun*, which in its way is no bad thing. To apply any more elaborate criticism to them, would be 'to break a fly upon the wheel.'—

*Knight's Quarterly Magazine.*

The town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence: alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received,) which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. 'What presumption is this?' exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity: necessity has no law; and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

'First of all, gentlemen,' said the pursy commissioner, 'allow me to take breath:' and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: 'Permit me, Mr. Pig,'—'No!' said Mr. Pig; 'it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honor of reading it myself.' Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows; 'We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately; he means to preserve the strictest *incognito*; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber, viz. Mr. Von Hoax. The

carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau, the body painted dark blue; and for his highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honor of his first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you.'

'Doubtless: most important intelligence!' said the chairman; 'but who is your correspondent?'—'The old and eminent house of Wassermuller and Co.: and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay.'

'To be sure, to be sure: and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service.'

So said all the rest; for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favor. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of 'Treason!' was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner: which done, the council adjourned.

'Now, my dear creatures,' said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, 'without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner: in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night.'

'At work! but what for? what for, Pig?'

'And, do you hear, as quickly as possible,' added Pig, driving them out of the room.

'But what for?' they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—'and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the——'

'The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about.'

'No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro rationa voluntas.*'

'Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear then my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!'

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His 'morals' gave way before 'his passions'; and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale: for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child, in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, 'What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say.' Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former: peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of politicians. 'Pure hypochondriacal fiction!' said he. 'No such affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my

private letters : they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once : none whatever.' Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal ; amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster ; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. ' I protest to you,' said he, ' that as a private individual I am fully satisfied : it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor ; and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honor, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics.' The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples : for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce, that the blue landau and the gentleman with the 'superb whiskers' had just passed through the north-gate. Yes : Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here : not coming, but come ; and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright ; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de théâtre*, on the side of the true believers ; the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epistolicum* was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy ; something was still left to desire ; something which reminded him that he was mortal. ' Oh ! why,' said he, ' why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon ; before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room—before the —' At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door ; a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy ; the steps were audibly let down ; and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately, in order to do the honors of reception to his illustrious guest.

' No ceremony, I beg,' said the Count Fitz-Hum : ' for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends ! ' So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner ; and though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance ; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum ; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.



The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. 'Affection to my person,' said he, 'unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it.' And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—'Ah! what?' said the count, gaily, 'my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these.' Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him; everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet, which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies, who sat on his right hand and left hand, and saying—'*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*' At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honor and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbre* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

'Tears such as tender fathers shed' had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honored by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig, should so long have remained unknown at court. 'I now see more than ever,' said he, 'the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito.' And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately hon-

ored by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace; the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labors, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city *who* was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of '*Vivat Serenissimus!*' ascended from the mob; amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the 'balance of five,' as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for 'all work,' though too loyal to decline a labor of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—'early promotion,' and 'order of merit.' In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and a deep premeditation were required; a considerable 'balance' of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable 'balance' of the muskets not quite *au fait* in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. 'But in commercial cities,' as the good-natured count observed to his host, 'a large discount must always be made on prompt payment.'

Breakfast now over; the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c. from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council, with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c. was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:—'On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a mea-

sure ; and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation.' The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies ; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things ; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations : a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price ; which was a base insinuation ; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size ; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite : ' fullness of bread ' being notoriously the root of jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors, the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would ' lend him a thousand pounds.' The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases : for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favor.

The corporate bodies were now despatched ; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept

crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honor of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob, that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a *ruse*. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad-dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of 'mad dog' was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pig-house was raised. Farewell, now, to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted with the condescension of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connexions; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested, that with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harboring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign; and he joyfully gave his consent: upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. 'A special messenger with despatches, no doubt,' said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were '*merely* petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers,' he drew out and presented to the count a 'despatch from the Privy Council.' The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

'No bad news, I hope?' said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

'No, no! none of any importance,' said the count, with great suavity; 'a little rebellion, nothing more,' smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

'Rebellion!' said Mr. Pig, loud: 'nothing more!' said Mr. Pig to himself. 'Why, what upon earth——'

'Yes, my dear sir, rebellion: a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant: and distressing to every well-regulated mind!'

'Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of——'

'Oh, my dear sir!' interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, 'make yourself easy: nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigor, and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field: so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient.'

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—'truly distressing,' and 'every well-constituted mind;' smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few minutes 'the blue landau,' and the gentleman with 'superb whiskers' had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, 'the rebellion' and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool; but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the 'rebellion' suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax; this, he was first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, 'No doubt,' said he, 'in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white

paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal.' So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion ; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion ; and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs ; and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote :

' A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— and Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax ; and, by his report, the wager had been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well ; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed, that in connexion with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both : in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P., the father of his mistress ; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign.'

Thus far the newspaper :—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his serene highness. On the contrary, he had given him-

self out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they would kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they would make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the 'rebellion,' (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot amongst his creditors for seizing his person) the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately, that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H. had established some claims, upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favor to Von H., could not fail to pacify the 'rebels' against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was, that upon hearing of the total extinction of the 'rebellion,' he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of——has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered 100 dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, 'that he will not consider himself bound to that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate.' With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c., they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.

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*Illustration by James Watson*

*John Wilson*

THE EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

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## JOHN WILSON, Esq.

PROFESSOR WILSON!—What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits?—Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in *Peter's Letters*, it would not tell half his fame. A poet who, after having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of being praised by the *Edinburgh Review* for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the *City of the Plague*, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of Tragedy;—a moral Professor, who 'dags down' the fame of Dugald Stewart—a paltry triumph we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a triumph of no trivial moment if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail,—an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing;—a novelist, who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who in his *Lights and Shadows*, &c. &c. gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos;—a sixteen stoner, who has tried it, without the gloves, with the Game Chicken, and got none the worse;—a cocker, a racer, a six bottler, a twenty-four tumblerer—an out-and-outer—a true, upright, knocking-down, poetical, prosaic, moral, professorial, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good-looking, honorable, and straight-forward Tory. Let us not forget, that he has leapt twenty-seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground!—[Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping?]—a gipsy, a magazinier, a wit, a six-foot-club man, an unflinching Ultra in the worst of times!—In what is he not great?

'Show this to Wilson,' says the said Lord Byron, in one of his letters published by that respectable gentleman, Thomas Moore, 'show this to Wilson, for I like the man, and care little for his magazine.' Lord B. wrote this under the impression that Wilson was the editor of *Blackwood*; and as common fame agrees with his Lordship's conjecture, we have ventured to affix to the Professor's portrait, the title of CHRISTOPHER NORTH. We hope he will not be angry with us for so doing, because it is done *honoris causâ*, as Sir C. Wetherell would say. Who is there that does not distinguish the Professor's hand amid the adjoining Balaam, and rejoice over the mingled mirth and melancholy, the humor and poetry, the eloquence and buffoonery, the gravity and the gaiety of those fitful

productions which, under one strange name or another, gleam forth every now and then in brilliant contrast with the lack lustre and miserable paste by which they are surrounded.

In the annexed Plate, he is depicted as he appears in his countryman Macdonald's admirable statue. Perhaps other positions less severe and stony might be more characteristic, but we had no objection that the picture of the poet should call attention to the works of the statuary. In the back ground are seen the University, of which Wilson is the most distinguished ornament—a fistic contest, such as his *Boxiana* sketches have embalmed—and the rudiments of a cock-fight which, coming under the general head of 'Varment,' falls within the province of his frolic pen. The Professor's wig, and the crutch of the rheumatic Mr. North, have their appropriate place in the picture; and if our readers regret that we have found no room for a symbol, emblematic of his tragedy, in our plate, they will, in all probability, have found *plague* enough in getting through our illustrative letter-press. Farewell!—

'Hæc dictans raptim mediis in fluctibus urbis,  
Propino poculum, Wilsonæ care, tibi!'

### EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.\*

Mr. Mac Farlane most truly observes, that 'there are few subjects that interest us more generally than the adventures of robbers and banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet our attention as much as the best fairy tales; and when our happy credulity in all things is wofully abated, and our faith in the supernatural fled, we still retain our taste for the adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands. Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity of experience and worldly wisdom can render us insensible to tales of terror such as fascinated our childhood, nor preserve us from a 'creeping of the flesh' as we read or listen to the narrative containing the daring exploits of some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seated by our own peaceful hearth.'

This taste will be amply gratified by a perusal of these volumes, which are full of perilous adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and shocking murders; and we have only to entreat that our readers will not peruse the following extracts till after dark, that

\* The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq. Author of 'Constantinople in 1829,' and the 'Romance of Italian History.' 2 vols. London, 1833. Bull; Andrews.

they may have the full benefit of the horrors we are about to lay before them.

*Hungarian Horse-dealer.*—On the third night after his departure from Vienna, he stopped at a quiet inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal he was asked whence he came; and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna. He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shewn to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner of these rooms was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had nomisgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the poor dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep. He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like that of an opening window, and by a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold. "Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble." "There is no fear of that," said the younger man, also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—

he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!" "Do my bidding," said the old man sternly; "would you have him wake and rouse the neighborhood with his screams?" As it was the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek, but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them to screen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bed-side, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the traveller. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "he is finished—I have cut him across the throat—take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster." "I have it, here it is," said the son: "a purse and a pocket-book." The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment. No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch, who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted him with all that had happened. In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate, and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death; but as the party went round to the stables they heard a noise: cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the out-houses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half-dozen armed men, ran to the stable-door: this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground; and though they were immediately seized by hard gripping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbors, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unharmed. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but, at length rising, he said to those who held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust. "You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate; he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm." On this the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?" "That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there. Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room; but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, 'How is this! who is this! and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed, and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found

a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest towns-people. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the inn by main force. The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house, and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence; and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for, in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance; and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes. The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

The *Spanish Brigand* is a story communicated by Mr. Brock-edon, and will be a relief to the last.

A short time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other. They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow. The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent. "But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them." The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so. "But, my good Senor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the



mountains to-morrow without being robbed, take my word for that!" "Well if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!"

"They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honor of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to shew him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand said, "Not yet, Senor, not yet! listen!" and he continued in an under-tone, "It was my fortune, some time since to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone like you; it was occupied then as now by the *Salteadores*; but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety." "A much better thing this than a king's passport," said the astonished Englishman. "Pray what was it? and did it succeed?" "It was only a button," replied the Spaniard; "it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm—I will give it you, here it is!" After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously filagreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra. "But where *you* really attacked on your journey," inquired the merchant. "The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm." With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the *Salteadores* were stopped at once; as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they shewing him every possible attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold, with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend. "I got here before you," said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain, that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof." The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew

his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said, "These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court, and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the high way. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country; for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!" The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain who recovered his good humor, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it. "You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, "and whoever has the button to produce will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!" The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.

*The Bandit's Test.*—A young man who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to the Capo bandito in his stead. He had gone through his noviciate with honor, he had shewn both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved fellow of the set! The ambitious candidate offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached. "I will do it," said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission. When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted, besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the hellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little villager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years, and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone. But the affectionate girl who might have loved him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succor on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief.

## PETER SIMPLE.\*

We continued our cruise along the coast, until we had run down into the Bay of Arcapon, where we captured two or three vessels, and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance how very important it is that a captain of a man of war should be a good sailor, and have his ship in such discipline as to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage, could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay: the wind was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore, and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got afloat again. We were obliged to double reef the topsails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards, the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sunk so low, as nearly to touch our mast heads, and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessel on a dead lee shore. As the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvass which she was obliged to carry, for had we sea room, we should have been lying to, under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at all risks, that we might clear off the shore. The seas broke over as we lay in the trough, deluging us with water from the forecastle aft, to the binnacles; and very often as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force, that I really thought she would divide in half with the violence of the shock. Double breechings were rove on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and tackles, and had one of them broke loose, it must have broke right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers, remained on deck during the whole of the night; and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably be lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind, but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or anything half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore, and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, told us that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the look-out man upon the gangway, called out, 'Land on the lee beam.' I perceived the master dash his fist against the hammock rails, as if with vexation, and walk away without saying a word, and looking very grave.

'Up, there, Mr. Wilson,' said the captain, to the second lieutenant, 'and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the

\* Continued from p. 347.

point.' The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam. 'Do you see two hillocks in land?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the second lieutenant.

'Then it is so,' observed the captain to the master, 'and if we weather it, we shall have more sea room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water; do you hear, quarter-master?'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands.'

It really was a very awful sight. When the ship was in the trough of the sea, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. 'She behaves nobly,' observed the captain, stepping aft to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; 'if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather.' The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the sails shivered and flapped like thunder. 'Up with the helm: what are you about, quarter-master?'

'The wind has headed us, sir,' replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full, she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

'We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready.'

'She has come up again,' cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

'Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?'

'N. N. E., as she was before she broke off, sir.'

'Pipe belay,' said the captain. 'Falcon,' continued he, 'if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed, there is so little room now, that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best bower?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Jump down, then, and see it double bitted and stoppered at thirty fathoms. See it well done—our lives may depend upon it.'

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails flapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were aghast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. 'Luff now, all you can, quarter-master,' cried the captain. 'Send the men aft directly. My lads, there is no time for words—I am going to *club haul* the ship, for there is no time to wear. The only chance you have of safety, is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for tacking the ship. Hands by the best bower anchor. Mr. Wilson, attend below with the carpenter and his mates, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter-master, keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you.' About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the waves curled and topped around us, bearing us down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain waved his hand in silence

to the quarter-master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, 'Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon,' said the captain. Not a word was spoken, the men went to the fore-brace, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and among the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain said that he would haul all the yards at once, there appeared to be doubt or dissent on the countenance of Mr. Falcon; and I was afterwards told, that he had not agreed with the captain, but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the event proved that the captain was right. At last the ship was head to wind, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew round with such a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its force. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock rails, holding by the main rigging, ordered the helm a-midships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which grew broad upon the weather bow, and held the ship from nearing the shore. At last he cried, 'Cut away the cable.' A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a huge wave, which struck us on the chess tree, and deluged us with water fore and aft. But we were now on the other tack, the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land.

'My lads,' said the captain to the ship's company, 'you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to weather a point of the bay on this tack. Mr. Falcon, splice the main-brace, and call the watch. How's her head, quarter-master?'

'S. W. by S. Southerly, sir.'

'Very well; let her go through the water;' and the captain beckoning to the master to follow him, went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get anything for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

'By the powers, it was as nate a thing as ever I saw done,' observed O'Brien; 'the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flat fish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flat fish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now, where's the chart, Robinson. Hand me down the parallel rules and compasses, Peter—they are in the corner of the shelf. Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?'

'I do, O'Brien; I heard the quarter-master tell the captain, S. W. by S. Southerly.'

Let me see,' continued O'Brien, 'variation 2 1-4—lee way—rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid; but however, we'll give her 2 1-2 points; the Diomedé would blush to make any more, under any circumstances. Here—the compass—now we'll see;' and O'Brien advanced the parallel rule from the compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart. 'Bother! you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my Bible oath that we were clear of everything, if the wind held.'

'See what the distance is, O'Brien,' said Robinson. It was measured and proved to be thirteen miles. 'Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I've a piece of comfort for you, any how. It's not long that you'll be kept in suspense, for by one o'clock this day, you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck, or you'll be past praying for. Come, put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects; and steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort. Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they "spliced the main-brace;" but we were all too anxious to eat much, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favored us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men who knew what they had to expect—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship—were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them, and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me, that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock, the rocky point which we so much dreaded, was in sight, broad on the lee bow; and if the low, sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance: the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

'Mr. Falcon,' said he, at last, 'we must put the mainsail on her.'

'She never can bear, sir.'

'She *must* bear it,' was the reply. 'Send the men aft to the main sheet. See that careful men attend the bantlines.'

The mainsail was set, and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water, and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the fore-castle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel—the sailors were obliged to cling, to prevent being washed away—the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward—the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broad-side, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way as if it had stupified her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, 'This will not do.' 'It is our only chance,' answered the captain, to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water, and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force. 'If anything starts we are lost, sir,' observed the first lieutenant again.

'I am perfectly aware of it,' replied the captain, in a calm tone; 'but as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging, will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbor. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say, that I feel convinced that the masts of this ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them.'

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

'I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point.'

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets, and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck. 'Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon,' observed the captain, (for I had clung to the belaying pins, close to them, for the last half hour, that the mainsail had been set.) 'Come aft, you and I must take the helm. We shall want *nerve* there, and only there, now.'

The captain and first lieutenant went aft, and took the fore spokes of the wheel, and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quarter-master kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the wind were dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks, at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our mainyard-arm would have touched the rock: and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam-ends, and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam ends, the foresail and mainsail split, and were blown clean out of the boltropes, the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time, that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad simile of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and, like her, we trembled as we panted with the sudden re-action, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two, he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance: I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe, in a few hours, completely so; for strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks, the gale abated, and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails. It was my forenoon watch, and perceiving Mr. Chucks on the forecastle, I went forward to him, and asked him what he thought of it.



'Thought of it, sir!' replied he. 'Why I always think bad of it, when the elements won't allow my whistle to be heard; and I consider it hardly fair play. I never care if we are left to our own exertions; but how is it possible for a ship's company to do their best, when they cannot hear the boatswain's pipe? However, God be thanked, nevertheless, and make better Christians of us all! As for that carpenter, he is mad; just before we weathered the point, he told me that it was just the same 27,600 and odd years ago. I do believe that on his death-bed, (and he was not far from a very hard one yesterday,) that he will tell us how he died so many thousand years ago, of the same complaint. And that gunner of ours is a fool. Would you believe it, Mr. Simple, he went crying about the decks, "O my poor guns! what will become of them, if they break loose!" He appeared to consider it of no consequence if the ship and ship's company were all lost, provided that his guns were safe landed on the beach. 'Mr. Dispart,' said I, at last, 'allow me to observe in the most delicate way in the world, that you're a d—d old fool.' You see, Mr. Simple, it's the duty of an officer to generalize, and be attentive to parts, in consideration of the safety of the whole. I look after my anchors and cables, as I do after the rigging; not that I care for any of them in particular, but because the safety of a ship depends upon her being well found. I might just as well cry because we sacrificed an anchor and cable yesterday morning, to save the ship from going on shore.'

'Very true, Mr. Chucks,' replied I.

'Private feelings,' continued he, 'must always be sacrificed for public service. As you know, the lower deck was full of water, and all our cabins and chests were afloat; but I did not think then about my shirts, and look at them now, all blowing out in the fore rigging, without a particle of starch left in the collars or the frills. I shall not be able to appear as an officer ought to do for the whole of the cruise.'

As he said this, the cooper, going forward, passed by him, and jostled him in passing. 'Beg pardon, sir,' said the man, 'but the ship lurched.'

'The ship lurched, did it?' replied the boatswain, who, I am afraid was not in the best of humors about his wardrobe. 'And pray, Mr. Cooper, why has Heaven granted you two legs, with joints at the knees, except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to work round a cask with? Hark, sir, did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate, that when you pass an officer, it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir; or will this make you recollect it in future?' The rattan was raised, and descended in a shower of blows, until the cooper made his escape into the head. 'There, take that, you contaminating, stave-dubbing, gimlet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole! I beg your pardon, Mr. Simple, for interrupting the conversation, but when duty calls we must obey.'

'Very true, Mr. Chucks. It's now striking seven bells, and I must call the master—so good bye.'

A few days afterwards, a cutter joined us from Plymouth; with orders for the frigate to proceed forthwith to Gibraltar, where we should learn our destination. We were all very glad of this; for we had quite enough of cruising in the Bay of Biscay; and as we understood that we were to be stationed in the Mediterranean, we hoped to exchange gales of wind

and severe weather, for fine breezes and a bright sky. The cutter brought out our letters and newspapers. I never felt more happy than I did when I found one put into my hands. It is necessary to be far from home and friends, to feel the real delight of receiving a letter. I went down into the most solitary place in the steerage, that I might enjoy it without interruption. I cried with pleasure before I opened it; but I cried a great deal more with grief, after I had read the contents—for my eldest brother Tom was dead of a typhus fever. Poor Tom! when I called to mind what tricks he used to play me—how he used to borrow my money and never pay me—and how he used to thrash me, and make me obey him, because he was my eldest brother,—I shed a torrent of tears at his loss; and then I reflected how miserable my poor mother must be, and I cried still more.

‘What’s the matter, spooney?’ said O’Brien, coming up to me. ‘Who has been licking you now?’

‘O nobody,’ replied I; ‘but my eldest brother Tom is dead, and I have only one other about three years old.’

‘Well, Peter, I dare say that your brother was a very good brother; but I’ll tell you a secret. When you’ve lived long enough to have a beard to scrape at, you’ll know better than to make a fuss about an elder brother. But you’re a good, innocent boy just now, so I won’t thrash you for it. Come, dry your eyes, Peter, and never mind it. We’ll drink his health and long life to him after supper, and then never think any more about it.’

I was very melancholy for a few days; but it was so delightful running down the Portuguese and Spanish coasts, the weather was so warm, and the sea so smooth, that I am afraid I forgot my brother’s death sooner than I ought to have done; but my spirits were cheered up, and the novelty of the scene prevented me from thinking. Every one, too, was so gay and happy, that I could not well be otherwise. In a fortnight we anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and the ship was stripped to refit. There was so much duty to be done, that I did not like to ask to go on shore. Indeed, Mr. Falcon had refused some of my messmates, and I thought it better not to ask, although I was very anxious to see a place which was considered so extraordinary. One afternoon, I was looking over the gangway as the people were at supper, and Mr. Falcon came up to me and said, ‘Well, Mr. Simple, what are you thinking of?’ I replied, touching my hat, that I was wondering how they had cut out the solid rock into galleries, and that they must be very curious.

‘That is to say that you are very curious to see them. Well, then, since you have been very attentive to your duty, and have not asked to go on shore, I will give you leave to go to-morrow morning, and stay till gun-fire.’

I was very much pleased at this, as the officers had a general invitation to dine with the mess, and all who could obtain leave being requested to come, I was enabled to join the party. The first lieutenant had excused himself on the plea of there being so much to attend to on board; but most of the gun-room officers and some of the midshipmen obtained leave. We walked about the town and fortifications until dinner-time, and then we proceeded to the barracks. The dinner was very good, and we were all very merry; but after the desert had been brought in, I slipped away with a young ensign, who took me all over the galleries and explained everything to me, which was a much better way of employing my time than as the others did, which the reader will acknowl-

edge. I was at the sally-port before gun-fire—the boat was there, but no officers made their appearance. The gun fired, the drawbridge was hauled up, and I was afraid that I should be blamed; but the boat was not ordered to shove off, as it was waiting for commissioned officers. About an hour afterwards, when it was quite dark, the sentry pointed his arms and challenged a person advancing with ‘Who comes there?’—‘Naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow,’ was the reply, in a loud singing voice. Upon which the sentry recovered his arms, singing in return, ‘Pass, naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all’s well!’ and then appeared a soldier in his fatigue dress, wheeling down the third lieutenant in a wheel-barrow, so tipsy that he could not stand or speak. Then the sentry challenged again, and the answer was, ‘Another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow,’ upon which the sentry replied as before, ‘Pass, another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all’s well.’ This was my friend O’Brien, almost as bad as the third lieutenant; and so they continued for ten minutes, challenging and passing, until they wheeled down the remainder of the party, with the exception of the second lieutenant, who walked arm in arm with the officer who brought down the order for lowering the drawbridge. I was much shocked, for I considered it very disgraceful; but I afterwards was told, which certainly admitted of some excuse, that the mess were notorious for never permitting any of their guests to leave the table sober. They were all safely put into the boat, and I am glad to say the first lieutenant was in bed and did not see them; but I could not help acknowledging the truth of an observation made by one of the men, as the officers were handed into the boat, ‘I say, Bill, if *them* were *we*, what a precious twisting we should get to-morrow at six bells!’

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## STOCK IN TRADE OF MODERN POETESSES.

Lonely shades, and murm'ring founts ;  
 Limpid streams, and azure mounts ;  
 Rocks and caverns, ocean's roar ;  
 Waves whose surges lash the shore ;  
 Moons, that silver radiance shed,  
 When the vulgar are ' a-bed ; '  
 Stars and planets shining high,  
 Make one feel 'twere bliss to die ;  
 Twilight's soft mysterious light ;  
 Suns whose rays are 'all' too bright ;  
 Wither'd hopes, and faded flowers,  
 Beauties pining in their bowers ;  
 Broken harps, and untuned lyres ;  
 Lutes neglected, unquench'd fires ;  
 Vultures pecking at the heart,  
 Leaving owner scarce a part ;  
 Doves that, frightened from the breast,  
 Seek in vain some sweeter rest ;  
 Feather'd songsters of the grove,  
 Warbling notes of joy and love ;  
 Hearts a prey to dark despair,  
 Why, or how, we hardly care ;  
 Pale disease feeds on the cheek,  
 Health how feeble—head how weak—  
 Bursting tear and endless sigh—  
 Query, can she tell us why ?  
 Pallid nymphs with fronts of snow,  
 Ebon locks with graceful flow ;  
 Lips of rose leaves tender dyes,  
 Eyes that mock cerulean skies ;  
 And a foot too which may pass  
 Over, yet not bend, the grass.  
 Next an hero, with an air—  
 Half a brigand—half Corsair ;  
 Dark, mysterious in his life,  
 Dreadful in the battle's strife ;  
 Vice and virtue in his breast,  
 War for empire—banish rest—  
 Raving still of glory—fame—  
 While dishonor marks his name ;  
 Loving one, and only one—  
 Though he had that one undone ;  
 A Macedoine of good and evil,  
 One part hero—three parts devil :  
 Quite an Admirable Crichton  
 Is the hero all now write on.—  
 This now is all the stock in trade  
 With which a modern poem's made.

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## VARIETY.

*Sir Walter Scott.*—A subscription has been opened at Glasgow for the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott in that city. Above a thousand pounds was immediately put down.

*Cape de Verd Islands.*—Among the uncommon phenomena of nature which have been observed during the few last years, we have to mention the almost utter failure of vegetation this season in the Cape de Verd Islands; alas, how ill applied a name! There has been no rain, and the drought has dried up every thing of the earth's produce, from the lowly blade of grass to the leaf of the lofty tree. It is four years since the rains were copious enough; and the aggravated evil is now witnessed in the animals perishing, and the natives (in number from 60,000 to 70,000) in a state of famine.

*Literature in Germany.*—The last number of the general catalogue of books, published every six months at Leipsic, contains 2,322 new publications; and as the foregoing number of the catalogue has but 320 works fewer, the sum of the books published last year in Germany amounts to 4004! which number surpasses that of the yearly publications of England and France taken collectively.

*Synopsis of Stenography.*—Stenography, if we may judge from the frequent receipt of productions in that way, must be very sedulously cultivated by a number of professors. The present performance is on the face of a large sheet, by Mr. Sigston, of Leeds, has a portrait of the king, to whom it is dedicated, and contains an alphabet, rules, specimens of writing, &c. &c. The plan seems to be simple and useful.

*The United Kingdom.*—Among the efforts to attract popularity, to which, amid the rival contentions of periodical journals, the emulous often resort, by giving portraits, political tables, prints, extra sheets, &c. &c. to their readers, we have been struck with an ingenious device adopted by *The United Kingdom* newspaper, namely the presentation, to every subscriber of three months' standing, of a capital map of London, worth, we should think, more than the amount of their subscription. It is extremely well executed on a scale of above 34 inches by 20; and bordered with engravings of 33 of the principal buildings of the metropolis.

*The Lady's Penny Gazette.*—No. 1. has just reached us with three ladies, a cap, and a bonnet, at the top of the title-page, all of a row; and music and finery besides in other pages. We daresay it is a nice lady's bargain, but must consult some female oracle before we commit ourselves.

*Captain Skinner*, who was lately drowned off Holyhead, served in the navy with great distinction, and having lost an arm and an eye in the service, he was appointed to a packet, and resided at Holyhead, where his hospitality unbounded charity, and kindness of heart, won him the affection of all who came within his circle. Captain Skinner

was always chosen to convey the Viceroy to and from Ireland, and had the honor of rendering the same duty to the late King, who expressed himself highly pleased with his urbanity and attention. Captain Skinner was brother to Lady Nugent, wife of General Sir George Nugent, who with a numerous circle of relations and friends, deplore his death.

*Countess of Jersey.*—The sentiments of Lord Byron relative to the personal attractions of the Countess of Jersey (as expressed in his 'Condolatory Address to her Ladyship, on the Prince Regent's returning her picture to Mrs. Mee') corresponds perfectly with that of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who declared that the Countess of Jersey was the only lady he had seen, in his triumphal march, who came up to his preconceived ideal of beauty. It is no mean praise to have won the meed of loveliness from the greatest Poet and the greatest Sovereign of her day. We may add, that the purity of her life is more universally acknowledged than that of her charms; as on the latter, the diversity of tastes might give rise to different notions, but, on the former, there can be but one opinion.

*The Jews.*—It is stated in the *Anglo-Germanic Advertiser* (but we know not if on sufficient authority, or merely a rumor picked up from an eastern attendant at Leipsic fair), that the descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel are to be found in Li Bucharria. They are said to amount to ten millions, to speak the language of Thibet, to observe the rite of circumcision, to keep the kipour, and to have readers and elders like the original Jewish people.

*Phenomenon.*—On Monday week, in the afternoon, two or three water-spouts were visible at the same time off the North Foreland. One was funnel-shape, and estimated to be nearly 800 feet high. The wind was blowing fresh from the north, and the atmosphere surcharged with dark rain-clouds. Heavy thunder and lightning accompanied this extraordinary appearance, and the sea was affected for more than a mile.

*M. Cuvier.*—The French nation is doing for Cuvier what the British people are doing for Sir Walter Scott, raising a subscription to perpetuate his memory by a visible and lasting monument. The managing committee have invited the authors of works on natural history, and other scientific writers of celebrity, to contribute copies of their works in aid of the fund; and they make an earnest appeal to all who feel the immense void created in the literary world by the loss of their great contemporary.

*Inverkeithing.*—In the battle of Inverkeithing, between the royalists and Oliver Cromwell's troops, a foster-father and seven brothers are known to have thus sacrificed themselves for Sir Hector Maclean of Duart: the old man, whenever one of his boys fell, thrusting forward another to fill his place at the right hand of the beloved chief, with the very words adopted in the novel, 'Another for Hector!'